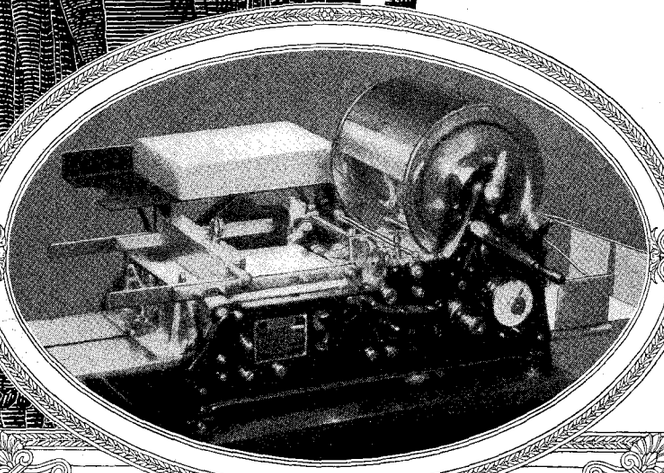

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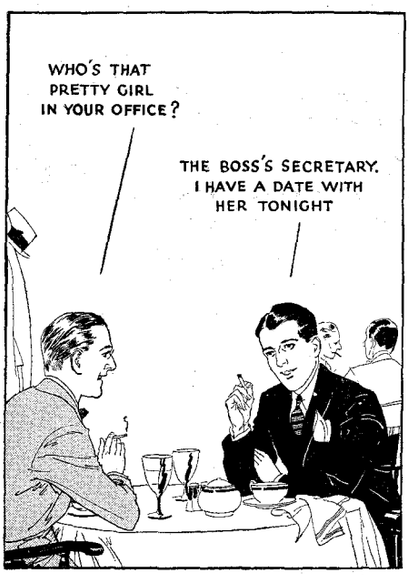

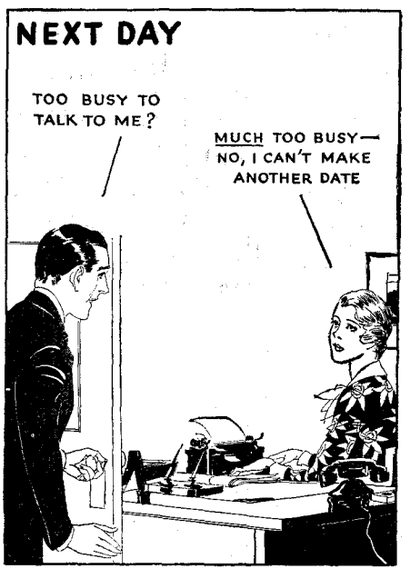

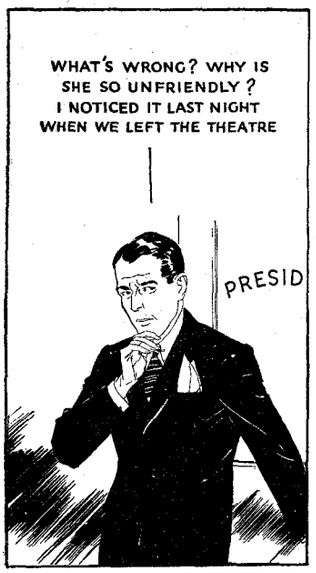

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CONTENTS

THE LITERARY DIGEST
for JANUARY 30, 1932

VOLUME 112 NUMBER 5

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

Borrowing Billions to Turn the Tide 7
Listening in on the Debt Debate 9
The Honolulu Uproar 10
The Democratic Donkey Starts His Gallop . 11
The Mixtecan Treasure Find 12
Milwaukee's New Fame 13
Topics in Brief 14

FOREIGN COMMENT

With Fire and Sword in Republican Spain . 15
Keeping China's Boycott Booming 16
Tardieu a Worry to the Germans 17
How We Wrong Germany 18

LETTERS AND ART

Japan's Modern Art—No Thanks to Paris . . 19
Opulence in Hollywood 20
A Forgotten Boys' Classic 20
Sinclair for the Nobel Prize 21
The Cover 21

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

Church and State at War Again in Mexico . 22
If the "Crooners" Could Hear 23
Julius Rosenwald 24
Pagan Christmas Cards 24

CURRENT POETRY

Realism—and Reality 25
Autumn 25
Song 25
Priscilla Alden Speaks— 25
Eagle Passage 25

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Cold Weather Is Good for You 4
Why the Stammerer Stammers 28
Football Casualties From a Medical Viewpoint 28
Pointers for Those Who Build 29
American Macaroni 32
The Color Scheme of a Factory 32

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Russian Youngsters at Work and Play 34
He Cashes Crashes 37
The Bird of Ill Omen That Is Feared as a Witch 38
The Baronet Who Bewildered a Prairie Town 40
Dimming the Diamond Sparklers 43
Admiral Rodman's Sea-Going Bird Dog, and His Training 46

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Are Stocks Ripe for Picking? 48
"Switching" in a Bear Market 49
Election Years Not So Bad 50
How the Side-line Saves the Day 50
A Hard-Times Boost for the Grain Roads . . 51

MISCELLANEOUS

The Spice of Life 52

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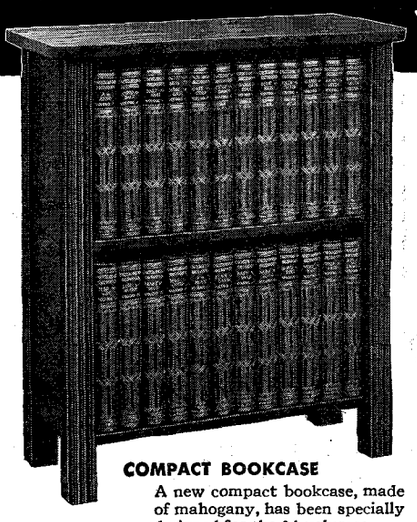

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Why don't you write?

Cold Weather Is Good for You

THAT is, unless you are threatened with pneumonia, or have a weak heart, or rheumatism, arthritis, or Bright's disease.

For the ordinary citizen who has none of these maladies, a place where he can enjoy sunny, frosty weather is far better than a warm climate in winter.

This, at any rate, is the opinion of Dr. John H. Kellogg, of Battle Creek, writing in his magazine *Good Health*. Cold air, he declares, is perhaps the best of all tonics. It sets the lungs' bellows swelling with deep drafts of denser air, so charged with oxygen that it "makes the coals in the open grate glow with fiercer heat and paints roses on the cheeks with redder blood." He proceeds:

For healthy people with good power to react, winter is a great invigorator.

The majority of sick people may be made to thrive in cold weather by proper protection and a judicious use of cold air.

Bilious folks, the overfat, diabetics, neurasthenics, do well in cold weather.

To the tens of thousands of half-alive, sedentary business and professional people who smother in offices and the millions of factory workers who stifle in sunless, dusty, and fume-poisoned atmospheres, Jack Frost is a veritable life-saver.

Such persons, instead of running away to some warm region—the Southwest, California, Florida, or some foreign wintering place—should make friends with frosty air and convert it into a privilege and a rejuvenating health promoter.

As soon as the first signs of winter appear, begin to accustom yourself to cold air. Sleep out, if possible, on a well-arranged sleeping porch or balcony. Make the cold, morning bath a little cooler. After the bath, rub the body with lanolin cream. Here is the formula: Lanolin, 1; boroglycerid, 2; cold cream, 6.

Dress a little warmer, but not too warm. Keep the temperature of living-rooms down to 68 degrees Fahrenheit. A few degrees lower will lessen susceptibility to colds.

Exercise for an hour every day in the open air. Walking is best, unless you can skate or engage in some other active winter sport.

The essential thing is some sort of muscular activity out-of-doors every day, and avoidance of too much heat indoors. It's the indoor heat that does the harm rather than the outdoor cold. You may enjoy cold weather and greatly profit by it.

DR. KELLOGG does not deny the existence of winter dangers. Pneumonia and influenza, he admits, claim most of their victims in the cold months. These diseases, unfortunately, are not like most infectious maladies, protective. That is, one attack does not confer immunity against future infection. The reverse is true. One attack makes a person more likely to have another. He goes on:

Very often a person who has had pneumonia remains a "carrier"; that is, he does not get rid of the germs which cause the disease, but carries them in his throat or lungs, where they lurk ready to spring into activity on the first favorable opportunity, which will be when the body is suddenly chilled by a cold draft or exposure to cold air after overheating.

Contact with a person who has recently recovered from an attack of pneumonia or influenza is always dangerous for a susceptible person. Of course, a warm region where the pneumonia and influenza germs do not flourish is a safer place for such a person than the frosty North.

This is especially true of people who have weak hearts, and there must be a good many such when two hundred thousand persons die annually of disease of the heart and blood-vessels.

Cold weather is perilous for such folks.

In January, February, and early March, the New York *Times* covers whole pages with announcements of the decease of prominent citizens from heart disease and pneumonia. Probably half of these might have escaped the Grim Reaper by a timely flight to some genial clime.

And the tortured victims of those mysterious maladies, rheumatism and neuritis, are lucky if they can afford a sojourn in a warm region during the chilly weather. Cold is poison to them. "Heat kills pain," but cold creates and intensifies neuritic and rheumatic miseries.

Victims of Bright's disease double their chances for living by dodging cold weather. Their resistance is so low that their power to react to cold is too feeble to safely face Old Boreas. For such there is safety in flight.

For those who live in cloudy regions like the Northwest and the Great Lakes country, where the scanty winter sunshine is almost devoid of ultra-violet rays, the only alternatives are a resort to artificial sunlight, or migration to a sunny region like Florida or the Southwest. Excellent arc-lights, which make real sunlight, are now available; but of course for those who can afford it, the natural sunlight, in which one may live and work and play the whole day, is to be preferred.

Don't migrate unless you are sure to get wholly beyond the reach of cold-weather dangers.

Danger—Drive Slow

Why does a lady
Who wants to order groceries
Wait until five minutes
Before the last delivery
Of the day?
Then she begins to inquire
The price of carrots
And are the grapefruit fresh,
And do you have any more of those
Nice little cakes
In the awfully cunning box?
And some sugar—oh, ten pounds,
She supposed—and ten bars
Of that soap you advertised
Last Tuesday,
Or perhaps it was Wednesday.
And the grocer's clerk
Keeps saying
Yes, ma'am,
Very politely,
All the time thinking
He'd like to disguise his voice
And call her up at five o'clock
Every morning for a week
To tell her
Her house was on fire.
That would fix
The silly old
Cuckoo.
Yes, ma'am, it'll be right
Out.—*Kansas City Star.*

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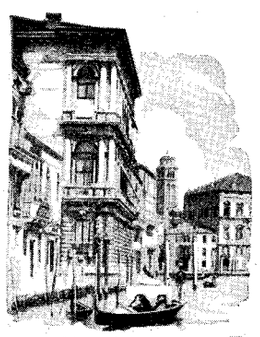

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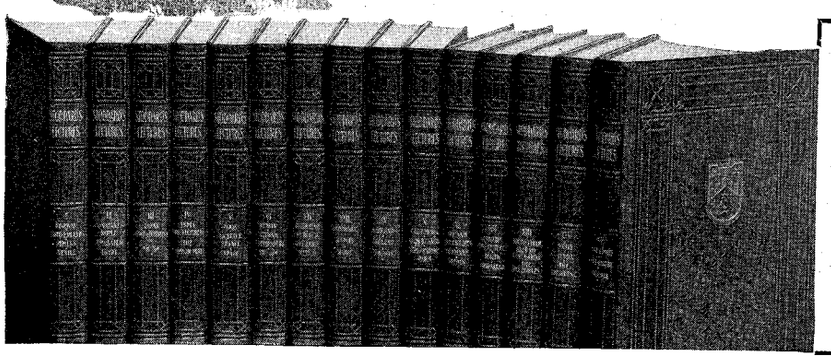

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, JANUARY 30, 1932

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Borrowing Billions to Turn the Tide

GENERAL DAWES POUNDED ON THE DESK. The pounds punctuated a typical snappy Dawes-like statement to the newspaper men who were listening to what he had to say about his appointment to run the new Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

"Get out your pencils," said the ex-Ambassador, ex-Vice-President, and ex-budget director. And then, when they had their pencils out, the newspaper men were told that this was not to be a talking job—"when one is beginning an important work, it is not the time to talk about it, and when we have accomplished the job, it is not necessary." Which was all the General had to say.

But it was enough to give people in Wall Street, in Congress, and throughout the country confidence in Uncle Sam's new scheme to turn the tide of depression by borrowing $2,000,000,000 to thaw out frozen assets.

The Dawes appointment lifts a stigma of politics from the proposition, we read in the New York *Journal of Commerce*, and it takes off the stigma of Wall Street as well, giving the Middle West a feeling that its interests will not be neglected with the strenuous Chicagoan on the job. Above all, the General's reputation as a man of action assures people that something is really going to be done. As they say in Washington: "Dawes will run the show."

NEXT WEEK

A full-page colored map of India, showing the cities, towns, and geographical divisions of this vast mysterious subcontinent that houses one-sixth of the world's population and perhaps one-half of the world's gold, where grave troubles of international concern are brewing—in next week's Literary Digest.

THE Dawes appointment was hardly necessary to popularize the Reconstruction Corporation, however. With few exceptions the press of the country had put the seal of approval on the plan. Newspaper readers from Portland, Maine, to Los Angeles have been reading editorials which, when not enthusiastic, were at least indorsements of the move as an emergency measure.

It is high time the Government declared this war against depression, says *Barron's Weekly*. The $2,000,000,000 Reconstruction Finance Corporation, declares the Houston *Chronicle*, "is the Big Bertha of our defenses; now that it is in place the tide of economic battle should turn in our favor." We are "underwriting United States prosperity," in the words of the Akron *Beacon-Journal*. Yes, admits the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, the Government has gone into business on a large scale, "but it has gone into business at a time when there was no help for it."

From the Rocky Mountains comes the Butte *Montana Standard's* conclusion that "the knowledge that money and credit are available will tend to rouse activity, to inspire confidence and prove a reassuring factor to those who launch industry in the campaign for recovery." And in similar language the New York *Journal of Commerce*, on the Atlantic Seaboard, says:

"If the new Corporation is designed to make easier the task of readjustment to new conditions created by the depression by strengthening organizations needing additional liquid resources, it will perform a vital rôle in hastening the end of the deflation.

"In so far as the new Corporation confines itself to helping to maintain the liquidity of financial institutions and the solvency of railroads, talk of inflationary effects is beside the point.

"The Reconstruction Finance Corporation, if it acts completely to prevent suspensions of financial institutions and railroad insolvencies, will help cure the present situation by getting at one of the major causes of the illness."

ONLY the future can tell whether the new Corporation will accomplish all that is expected of it, but it certainly is "the most ambitious financial project in which the Federal Government has engaged since the World War." So says the Mobile *Register*, which then turns to give its readers a brief outline of the purposes and functions of the Corporation:

"Briefly, it is to be a corporation with a capitalization of $500,000,000 to be supplied by the Government. It is then authorized to borrow up to $1,500,000,000, either upon its own notes or upon its own securities, all of which will be indorsed by the Government.

"It is to be administered by a board consisting of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, Chairman of the Federal Farm Loan Board, and four members to be appointed.

"The law specifies that those who can borrow from it shall include banks, savings-banks, trust companies, building and loan associations, insurance companies, agricultural or live-stock corporations, other financial institutions, and the railroads. Easing of the financial situation of these institutions is, of course, expected to be reflected in easing the general situation, through enabling them in turn to make loans to their customers.

"Loans by the Corporation can be made any time within the next year, but the President has authority to extend this for two years. Initial loans are limited to three years, but may be renewed for a maximum of five years from the original date of the loan. Loans to railroads must be indorsed by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and there must be adequate assurance of ability to repay.

"The manner in which the Corporation will operate is something like this: Interests with capital will lend money to the Corporation, taking its paper backed by the Government. This money then will be loaned by the Corporation to needy institutions, and these in turn will make loans to needy commercial and industrial borrowers.

"Suppose a bank, or trust company, or insurance company has funds tied up in bonds or other long-time paper, which is perfectly good, but upon which it is difficult to realize immediately in money. Such securities are adequate for loans by the Finance Corporation, and the money thus secured becomes immediately available for such use as the institutions may wish to make of it."

CRITICISM of the Corporation is based chiefly on the idea that it is inflationary and too great an extension of governmental functions. "The idea of pledging sound business to save unsound business is radical and without precedent in this country," declares the Brooklyn *Eagle*. It is a vain hope, says the Asbury Park *Evening Post*, in New Jersey, "to suppose that inflationary

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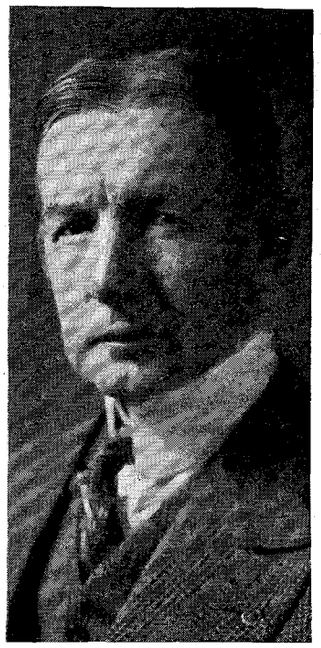
artifices can definitely remedy a situation for which the inflation of a few years ago is directly responsible."

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* is inclined to fear that we are trying to lift ourselves out of the depression by our boot-straps. It is convinced that this scheme is the product of an unsound public policy. What the country needs, we are told, is not more credit but "to have all securities whatsoever deflated to the level of their true value, and that is just what has been going on in the country for more than two years." *The Post-Dispatch* thinks that the Administration's supporters can not very well explain "why the Government can not give a dole to labor when it can so lightly give a dole to capital," and it concludes:

"State capitalism in Russia is held to be reprehensible. Is the United States to engage in the same practise itself?

"We are afraid that Washington has been swept off its feet by the consequences of its own unwisdom. Had it stayed out of the wheat pit, the live-stock market, the farm-loan business, the cotton market and the tobacco market, perhaps it would not now be about to engage in a great venture which is, we again submit, none of its business."



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Charles G. Dawes

President of the Reconstruction Corporation

It will be remembered that Senator Norris of Nebraska said in the course of a Senate debate:

"I have been called a Socialist, a Bolshevik, a Communist, and a lot of other terms of a similar nature, but in the wildest flights of my imagination I never thought of such a thing as putting the Government into business as far as this bill would put it."

Admitting that there is much truth in Representative McFadden's characterization of the measure as a scheme "for helping a gang of financial looters to cover their tracks," the El Paso *Times* feels forced to the conclusion that "a desperate illness requires a desperate remedy," and the Reconstruction Corporation, "much as there may be to say against it, seems to be that desperate remedy."

In financial circles there is a general admission that while the plan involves inflation and needs very careful management, it is a necessary emergency measure. Writes Edward H. Collins on the financial page of the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"That the move is inflationary in its general nature—or, as some one has said, anti-deflationary—is freely accepted; and opinion seems to favor it despite this fact rather than on account of it."

The establishment of this Corporation "marks a stage in the development of the economic and social institutions of the United States," we read in *The Brookmire Forecaster*, published by the Brookmire Economic Service:

"It implicitly recognizes in principle, and in part immediately assumes governmental responsibility for the economic integrity and uninterrupted operation of the country's banks, insurance companies, railroads, and general financial structure. It is a very long step away from that traditional American individualism which, of course, has been steadily encroached upon ever since the end of the nineteenth century.

"Unless the next five or six years afford a level of prosperity much higher and more general than appears at all probable, the Government is going to find itself embarked on a course which takes more and more money and leads from one point to another toward government ownership of railroads, more or less disguised government subsidies for agriculture, Federal unemployment insurance, and a virtual government guaranty of bank deposits and other credits."

We have been reminded on every hand that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is not something entirely new but is practically the third resurrection of the war-born War Finance Corporation originally created April 5, 1918. *The Business Week* recalls that:

"Its past operations performed two distinct services, which would be expected of it this time. First, was the actual monetary aid, second, its stimulation of confidence.

"The primary objective at the start was to lend to banks on their assets. In exceptional cases, loans direct to industry were permitted, while dealings in government securities were unrestricted. Agriculture's needs were soon realized, and extensive aid was granted there. Industries with maturing obligations were helped. When the needs of the railroads became pressing, huge loans were made to them.

"In 1919, when the Corporation was in process of liquidation, Congress revived it to grant credits to stimulate exports. Then 1921 with its collapse of prices and ensuing depression brought a second resurrection under the urgent need for drastic relief measures. Now, the same need brings the same reply.

"Congress originally gave the Corporation $500 millions and power to borrow $3 billions more. It used all the $500 millions and borrowed $200 millions in 1919. In the 1919 and 1921 phases borrowing power was more restricted, but never used. Borrowings were rediscountable at the Federal Reserve Banks.

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Eugene Meyer

Chairman of the Reconstruction Corporation

"The Corporation paid back all that it borrowed, reimbursed and turned over to the Treasury earnings of about $65 millions.

"Advances in 1918 and 1919 totaled about $300 millions in addition to huge transactions in government securities. In the 1921 emergency it advanced $538 millions, aiding 4,317 banks in 37 States, 114 live-stock loan companies in 20 States, and 33 cooperative-marketing companies in 20 States."

To-day's problems show such a marked similarity to those which the War Finance Corporation faced in its previous incarnations that *The Business Week* is inclined to think that many of the precedents established then will be followed when the organization is revived. We are reminded that now, as then:

"1. Huge amounts of government financing absorb so much money that business is in danger of starvation, and this danger is accentuated by the timidity of investors;

"2. The narrowness of the eligibility provisions of the Federal Reserve Act prevents many banks from obtaining aid from the Reserve—and thousands of banks are not members;

"3. Wide fluctuations of inconvertible foreign currencies severely restrict export trade;

"4. Many companies with obligations due to mature shortly; face the danger of receivership;

"5. New government-financing provides such a flood of new issues that the market will hardly absorb them;

"6. The collapse of prices has strained the banking position;

"7. Huge stocks of commodities threaten producers with ruin;

"8. Loans are needed for longer periods than the banks, and the market will provide them."

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Listening in on the Debt Debate

"A DEBT OF THE PAST is not a present for the future." That's the way John J. Daly sums up, to readers of the Washington *Post*, the present attitude of Congress on reduction or cancelation of the debts owed the United States by the one-time Allies. This point of view is shared by a number of important American newspapers. As will be shown further on, the wisdom of debt reduction or cancelation is also urged by another no less important group. Let us hear one or two spokesmen from each side on this hotly debated subject.

To start with the anti-cancelationists: "Any American Government that agrees to cancelation of international debts ought to be run out of this country" is the blunt speech of the Denver *Post*.

"America at present can see no reason why, as the one nation which asked nothing and got nothing out of the war, she should be made to suffer because the other nations, assessed and assessing, are not able to work out their plan of give-and-take," concludes the Cleveland *News*. Europe, similarly asserts the Columbus *Dispatch*, "must be made to pay to the utmost of her ability to save the people of this nation from the rank injustice of financing a war that was not of their making." "Do not give away ten thousand million dollars of the American people's money," shouts William Randolph Hearst, in large type over his own signature, in his New York *American*. The Chicago *Tribune* returns again and again to the attack, being spurred on by the Basel report, Mussolini's declaration for all-around cancelation, and similar statements coming from Europe. *The Tribune* flatly denies that our chief debtors can not pay us. It recalls the "vast profits" they "wrung from the vanquished":

Does One Pants Pocket Know What the Other Is Doing?

—Spencer in the Omaha "World-Herald."

"Politically and financially, as well as territorially, the victors took for their own profit profits and advantages worth billions.

"The ruin of a war we did not make, the worse ruin of a peace we would not sign or support, it is now proposed the American people shall pay for."

"CONGRESS will insist on payment of Europe's debt instalments, irrespective of any temporary relief that may be extended to Germany," predicts the Washington *Post*. In the opinion of this daily newspaper in the national capital:

"The simple truth is that Germany can pay reparations, but does not intend to do so.

"France and Great Britain can pay the regular instalments upon their American debt. Their resources, independent of German reparations payments, are sufficient to keep their honor and credit unimpaired. By curtailing war expenditures they can easily pay their debts.

"If France and Great Britain are ready to destroy their credit among nations, let them advertise their inability to pay their debts. Let them dishonor their signatures, if they think it will profit them in the long run."

This matter of European armaments is made much of by other newspapers than *The Post*. The Buffalo *Courier-Express* puts it this way: "Let Europe cancel guns and then ask us what we can do in the way of canceling some of the debts." The Macon *Telegraph's* idea is that the best use we can make of our commanding position as creditor is to use it as a leverage for bringing about a reduction in the millions wasted in armaments. The New York *World-Telegram* makes the same argument:

"America should give her debtors the chance of further debt cancelation in return for foreign armament reduction permitting reduction of American armament expense, or leave the European governments to the remaining alternative of open repudiation and the fatal consequences that entail for their future credit."

IN sharp contrast with papers like the Chicago *Tribune* and Washington *Post* are those which come right out for radical revision, if not cancelation. The New York *Journal of Commerce* explains why it is not so emphatic as it might be, in these words:

"While believing that cancelation of all intergovernmental political debts would be the sanest and economically wisest course of procedure, this paper has preferred to call for radical revision, because it thought that Congress might prove more amenable to reason if it were led gently to contemplate a reduction of these intolerable political debts, instead of being asked to write them off the slate altogether."

If we insist on standing on our rights, we are going to lose both our debts and our friends, concludes the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. Asks *Barron's Weekly:*

"What do we gain by forcing our debtors' notes to protest when we know that they can not pay? Where is the profit in making faces and calling names? We gain nothing, for there is no profit, and we lose much. How long must we wait, and how much must we lose, before we find that out?"

THIS is the one important fact to think of, writes Thomas F. Woodlock in *The Wall Street Journal:*

"The return of the world to economic health—and of every country in the world including our own—depends upon terminating the war (which our own Mr. Simonds tells us is now in its eighteenth year), reinstating Germany as a full member of the family of nations, and reestablishing her as a 'going concern' in the economic life of the world."

Prof. T. N. Carver, Harvard economist, says on the editorial page of the Boston *Herald:*

"If these debts and reparations growing out of the war could be canceled, or scaled down to one-fourth of their present volume, it would help things amazingly. Business would improve so quickly and so noticeably that we should all be dazed and wonder what had happened."

Senator David A. Reed's argument that if Europe does not pay the war debt, our children will, is thus answered by Heywood Broun in his column in the New York *World-Telegram:*

"If interallied debts and German reparations are to be satisfied in full, we and our children's children must pay a price. We must pay by living for sixty-two years in a world of commercial chaos. We must pay by meeting half a century of acute conditions of unemployment within our own borders. We must pay by giving up all hope of international understanding and brotherhood. We must cut off our right hand, so that our left can scrawl as best it may across the page, 'The debt is satisfied.'"

That there will be some sort of extension of the Hoover moratorium, either with or without a reparations conference, is generally admitted by our papers, and very little serious objection is made to any such merely temporary accommodation.

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The Honolulu Uproar

"HONOLULU IS NEITHER RIOT-SODDEN nor race-mad.

"Hawaii condones neither attacks on women nor the lynching and murder of persons in the custody of the courts."

So declares Wallace Rider Farrington, former Governor of Hawaii, in an article sent out by the North American Newspaper Alliance.

But side by side with such statements defending Honolulu from the charge that law enforcement has broken down, that women are unsafe there, the papers carry other articles conveying the impression that an alarming condition exists in "the Paradise of the Pacific." For instance, an Associated Press dispatch from Washington says:

"The Navy Department is considering a request from naval men in Hawaii that the fleet maneuvers be cut short to permit them to protect their families."

Thus, both reassuring and disquieting dispatches continue to appear in the papers in the wake of the killing of Joe Kahahawai, who, as recounted in our last issue, was accused of being one of the five men who criminally attacked Mrs. Thomas H. Massie, wife of a naval lieutenant. Charged with the murder are her husband, her mother, Mrs. Granville Roland Fortescue, prominent in New York and Washington, and two naval enlisted men.

Major developments in the case reported in the press as the four defendants await trial include:

Off to Honolulu goes Seth W. Richardson, Assistant Attorney-General, to investigate the administration of justice in Hawaii for the Senate.

The Territorial Legislature, called into special session by Gov. Lawrence M. Judd, tackles a legislative program providing for reorganization of the police department, and making criminal assault punishable by death.

Hawaiian law-enforcement officers are charged with laxity by a House Committee, which also demands that Governor Judd explain why he pardoned one of the Massie case defendants, in a previous assault case, to let the man represent the Territory in a boxing tournament.

Secretary of Interior Wilbur, praising Governor Judd to a Senate Committee, reads a cablegram from him explaining that Judd did not "pardon" the man, but "discharged" him, after he had served four months, on the recommendation of the prison board.

Secretary Wilbur, whose department has jurisdiction over the islands, puts the number of criminal assault cases at eleven, instead of forty, as reported by Navy officers.

But Secretary of the Navy Adams declares: "I don't want it to appear that the Navy is satisfied with the present system of justice in Hawaii. We are not."

John C. Lane, Honolulu's high sheriff and warden of Oahu prison, resigns.

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He'll Comb Honolulu

Seth W. Richardson, Assistant Attorney-General, who will investigate conditions in Hawaii.

ANALYZING conditions in Hawaii, Admiral William V. Pratt, Chief of Naval Operations, said that on one side was the failure of the native "beach boys" to comprehend the moral standard of the whites; on the other was the failure of the white women to know the peril which lay in the attitude of the natives. The Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* quotes Admiral Pratt:

"I want to be perfectly fair. It is not entirely the fault of the Hawaiian boys out there. You've got to trace it down beyond that. You never can allow too great a laxity in the relations between men and women there. The Hawaiian is a different sort of bird. His attitude toward women is not ours.

"The tourists come there and their women intermingle and indulge in the same intimacies that they would at home. For the last three or four years I have been fearing that something would happen—and it did."

"RECENT troublesome events in the Hawaiian Islands have been complicated by the fact that the island population is an extremely mixed one," says the New York *Times*, which tells us that—

"Only 6 per cent. of the population are pure native Hawaiians, and only 13 per cent. have any Hawaiian blood. The largest racial element is Japanese—a little more than 38 per cent. Other percentages are: Filipino, 17; American 13; Portuguese, 9; Chinese, 8; Koreans, 2; Porto Ricans, 2, and Spanish, ½ of 1 per cent."

"Almost a year ago," says a Washington dispatch to the Baltimore *Sun*, "Congress and the Federal Government were warned by a report of the Labor Department that the immigration of single men into Hawaii to maintain a labor supply for sugar-cane and pineapple plantations was creating a social problem which might have serious consequences.

"The Labor Department findings are regarded as particularly significant in view of the recent developments in Honolulu."

BUT "we wish particularly to emphasize that recent crimes were in no sense due to racial feeling or race mixtures," declares the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin* in a statement cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST.

"A terribly distorted picture of conditions" has been received by large sections of the American press, it adds, emphasizing that "responsible citizens and newspapers of Hawaii are not attempting to minimize gravity of attack on Mrs. Massie or any other of the recent series of violent crimes"—

"Hawaii realizes fully the need for strengthening certain features of our law-enforcement machinery, and was moving definitely and swiftly to do so before the Kahahawai killing. . . .

"We recognize such an emergency here as many another American city faced when sudden crimes of violence broke out, and we know we can, with equal devotion and effectiveness, handle the situation along American standards and ideals such as would satisfy our fellow Americans of the mainland were they here."

"SUGGESTION of martial law for Honolulu and other extreme measures are just a phase of hysteria," asserts the San Francisco *Chronicle*. "All that needs to be done is to conquer the young roughs, and the whole trouble is over."

And Chester Rowell, writing in the same paper, is also reassuring:

"Let the present situation be met as wisely and as sanely as is possible. That will involve no condoning, either of loathsome crime, of police laxity, or of lynching.

"But also let it not involve indicting a whole people or spreading fictions about it. Hawaii is a safe place, Honolulu is a safe city, and the 'native' Hawaiians are a generally fine race of people.

"Let us confine our anger to the guilty and our demand for reforms to the things in which it is needed. And if you are thinking of going to Hawaii this winter—go there! It will be as 'safe' as it is delightful."

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The Democratic Donkey Starts His Gallop

PELL-MELL DOWN THE ROAD COMES the Democratic donkey, his happy voice raised in a note of expectant victory.

But who will ride him this year?

A dozen political jockeys are eager to vault into the saddle. Will their fight for it slow up the race? Is Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York strong enough to capture the nomination on the first ballot?

What is Alfred E. Smith going to do? Will he try for the nomination himself? If not, will he fight Roosevelt through another aspirant?

These are outstanding questions now that the party has launched its "Victory drive."

Two events this month—the Jackson Day dinner at Washington and the formal opening of the campaign a few days later at a series of "Victory dinners"—raised the political tempo, outlined the battle of 1932, precipitated a storm of editorial comment.

"Democracy, more confident of victory in November than it has been in the last twenty years, trained its heaviest guns upon the party in power at the Jackson Day dinner and called for Republican repudiation at the polls," writes J. F. Essary in the Baltimore *Sun:*

"The party's three living former candidates for the Presidency—Alfred E. Smith, John W. Davis, and James M. Cox—drew a severe indictment, particularly against the Hoover Administration, charging it with false prophecy in 1928, with futility in international affairs, and with dismay in the face of a great domestic emergency.

"These Democratic spokesmen did not, however, confine themselves to castigation, but in a large way pledged their party, if voted into power, to a constructive solution of the Prohibition issue, to sweeping tariff reforms, and to broad measures for the relief of unemployment."

INSISTING that "we must forget politics" and "make war against unemployment, disease, and malnutrition," Mr. Smith demanded a Federal bond issue for public improvements, the bonds to be sold to the people direct, as in war days. He also demanded the reorganization of government bureaus and the wiping out of Prohibition.

Castigating the Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover Administrations, Mr. Davis branded them as "the era of dark betrayal, the era of smug complacency, and the era of wild dismay."

Next day's meeting of the Democratic National Committee also brought important developments, but failed to touch off any of the fireworks which some observers had expected. Outwardly, at least, all was harmonious, we read.

Chicago was selected for the 1932 convention, and in doing so, Mr. Essary tells us, "the Democratic National Committee administered a tactical defeat to the Roosevelt group, but that group had its way in fixing the date of the convention on June 27, that is, after the Republicans instead of before." Also—

"The Roosevelt leaders feel that they scored in putting a damper upon any debate over the Raskob Prohibition poll. The results of the poll were referred without recommendation to the resolutions committee of the convention, along with all other platform data which had been assembled."

"Avoidance of dissension between the wets and the drys, similar to that which marked the meeting last March," writes the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, "was due to the eagerness of the opposing factions to do nothing at this time to jeopardize the party's chances of success at the coming election."

Another feature of the meeting, we read, was Chairman John J. Raskob's denial that he was fighting Roosevelt—

"Some one has set up a straw man in the Smith-Raskob-Shouse group that is said to be opposed to Governor Roosevelt for President.

"This is not the case.

"There is not one thing they have done to interfere in any way with those who very properly are trying to get Governor Roosevelt the nomination."

MEANWHILE, at Baltimore, Gov. Albert C. Ritchie had announced: "Of course, I would like to be President; who would not?" He is the first to make a formal bid for the Democratic nomination.

Another big Democratic event of the month was the opening

The After-Dinner Nap

—Knott in the Dallas "News."

of the "victory campaign" on January 14, with seventy-five rallies in thirty-three States. Chief interest in the affair, which launched a drive to raise $1,500,000 to wipe out the party deficit and prepare for the coming election, seemed to center in the New York rally, where Governor Roosevelt and Mr. Davis were the principal speakers, and in the Boston rally, where Mr. Smith topped the list.

"WHERE does Al stand?" That, apparently, is the big question before Democrats just now.

"The great enigma before the meeting of the Democratic National Committee was Alfred E. Smith," writes George R. Holmes, Washington correspondent of International News Service. "The great enigma now that the meeting is over is still Alfred E. Smith."

"See Al as Seriously in the Running," says a head-line in the Chicago *Daily News*, a view that is accepted by some editorial writers, but others insist that he considers himself definitely out of the race.

At Boston, we read, Governor Ely "virtually nominated" Mr. Smith and the crowd cheered, but, as Edwin S. McIntosh notes in the New York *Herald Tribune*—

"As for Mr. Smith, he maintained the sphinxlike silence from which he has refused to be budged. As the diners cheered he

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gave no indication even by a change of expression on his face as to what was going through his mind."

Many Democratic leaders, we read, are waiting for an announcement from Mr. Smith before throwing their support to Roosevelt. With Smith's backing, the correspondents agree, Governor Roosevelt would be sure of the nomination. Without it, he may not be able to win, altho to-day he is admitted to be far in the lead.

With two-thirds, or 770, of the delegates needed to capture the nomination, foes of Roosevelt announced in Washington that they had more than the 385 needed to stop him. Opposition to the New York Governor seems bent upon fostering the strength of favorite sons, to keep him from running away with the convention.

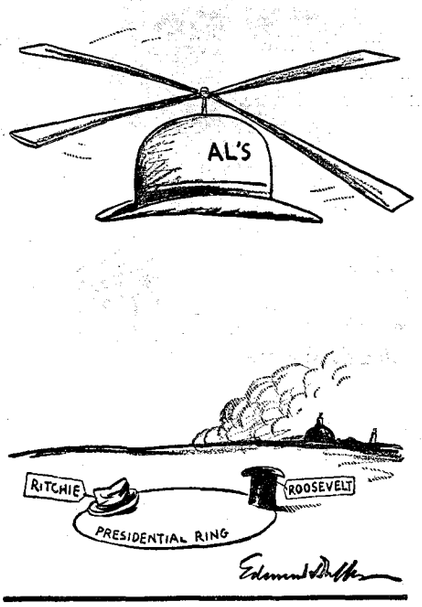
"Perhaps seventy" of the 101 members of the Democratic National Committee are now for Roosevelt, says Mark Sullivan, noted political observer, in the Chicago *Evening Post*. "Their adherence to Roosevelt is, however, based chiefly on the fact that he has a flying start, and that he is, in their judgment, an acceptable candidate. Nearly all of them would be equally willing, or even more willing, to be for Newton D. Baker, but Roosevelt at this time is to the front of the picture, and Baker is not."

As for Smith's attitude, Mr. Sullivan tells us that "on this point practically every Democratic politician is almost sick with curiosity, and in a few cases almost literally sick with genuine anxiety."

But "the answer as to what Smith will do will be precipitated fairly soon," this writer adds—

"Every Democratic leader wants to know what Smith intends. A good many have tried to find out by skilful forms of indirect interrogation of Smith himself. The number of men who were delegated in a wholly friendly way to 'smoke Al out' at the Democratic meeting here was considerable. They all came back to their associates reporting that as the conversation neared this question, Smith's normally candid features disappeared under one of the best poker-masks in contemporary America.

"The primary election formalities, however, must bring the answer soon. The answer may take the form of action or inaction, but in either case it will be the answer."



The Autogyro Act

—Duffy in the Baltimore "Sun."

Speculation as to the reason for the alleged coolness between Smith and Roosevelt, once warm political friends, was stirred anew when the story went the rounds that Roosevelt had called Smith "a fake Governor," or "a rotten Governor." Quoting the Newark *Evening News:*

"Governor Roosevelt met James M. Cox at French Lick, Indiana, during the conference of Governors last June. He is quoted as having said to Cox:

"'Of course, Smith is against me. But I don't care anything about Smith's opposition. You know Smith was a fake Governor. I didn't realize it until I became Governor myself. But I have done more constructive work for the State in a few months than Smith did in all his term of office.'"

But Governor Roosevelt struck back hard at that story. As quoted by the Albany correspondent of the New York *World-Telegram*, he declared:

"You can say officially and on the record that any man who circulates a story of that kind is not only a liar, but a contemptible liar."

The Mixtecan Treasure Find

PEARLS AS LARGE AS PIGEONS' EGGS.

A human skull decorated with turquoises.

These and many more precious relics of ancient Mexico, stript from a hidden tomb, are described in an exciting story from Mexico City telling of the discovery of a great treasure which may rival that buried with King Tut-ankh-Amen in Egypt.

Better than the gold and jewels may be the light thrown on early American history.

It is the greatest archeological treasure ever discovered on the American continent, in the opinion of Alfonso X. Caso, Mexican archeologist, who directed the secret work of excavating the fifteenth-century tomb. "Any first-class museum in the United States," he said, as quoted by the New York *Times* correspondent, "would be glad to write us a check for $1,000,000 without even examining the relics."

The discovery was made, says the Associated Press, "in the tomb of the ten Mixtecan caciques, or feudal lords, in the fortressed city of Monte Alban, high above Oaxaca," and "the announcement caused a great buzz of prediction that the long-sought gold of the 'lost cities' may at last await excavators' picks and shovels"—

"The treasure already uncovered consists of more than one hundred specimens of all kinds, ranging from heavy and finely wrought gold crowns to pearls described as large as pigeons' eggs. A half-dozen necklaces, said to be 'an extremely minor part of the treasure,' were evaluated at $500 each on their gold content alone.

"There are, besides, ten expertly wrought gold crowns, any number of feather designs wrought in gold, several super crowns, a large number of gold rings, pearls, amethysts, jade, and other unidentified precious stones, pendants, bracelets, beads, rattles, urns, vases, and cups of jade and rock crystal, and a golden eagle, from whose beak hangs a silver chain."

"One of the most interesting objects," writes a United Press correspondent from Oaxaca City, "was a skull profusely decorated with turquoises and sea-shells, which the excavators said was the skull of a warrior killed in battle by one of the chieftains whose tomb was opened. The chieftain, the experts said, preserved the skull as a trophy." In addition, "human bones were found carved with various inscriptions."

Hieroglyphics on many of the objects, it is said, may reveal something of the obscure history of the Mixtecos, who are believed to have come from the North before the Aztecs.

Hunt for the treasure was financed in part by the late Dwight W. Morrow, former Ambassador to Mexico. So cleverly was it concealed, the dispatches point out, that it was overlooked by Cortes and his conquistadors 400 years ago.

"While the relics' primary appeal will be to specialists, they will unquestionably have some meaning for laymen," remarks the Baltimore *Sun*—

"As time passes, the reconstruction of the American past and the reclaiming of the American heritage become more and more a significant work.

"The secrets of both of these things are to be found, if anywhere, in the relics of the Indians of Mexico and Central America. The more that comes to light about them and is presented for scholarly scrutiny and synthesis the greater the opportunity of eventually piecing together the full meaning of one of the most important aspects of our heritage."

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Milwaukee's New Fame

"THEY ARE CHOKING THEMSELVES to death by the borrowing habit."

Milwaukee's Mayor, Daniel W. Hoan, is speaking. He is summarizing "what is wrong with municipalities, many States, and the Federal Government in respect to their finances."

A new fame comes to Milwaukee, as a model city, and debt-curst, politics-ridden sister municipalities are turning to it in their anguish in the hope of finding a cure for their ills.

"It is a pleasure," as the Albany *Knickerbocker Press* remarks, "to turn to Wisconsin's metropolis and to note that honesty is now making Milwaukee famous"—

"Here is a city which, with all bills paid and a debt-amortization allotment provided for, has $4,000,000 in bank. It has not ignored relief demands. It has not minimized expenditures for public improvements. But a seventy-five-dollar steal is enough to produce a public scandal. It's the stealing and not the amount stolen that affects Milwaukee.

"Republicans do not run this city. Democrats do not run it. There is no 'city manager.' And tho Daniel Webster Hoan has been Mayor for sixteen years, Socialists as such are not dominant. The controller, Louis M. Kotecki, is a non-partizan. As political foes and personal friends these two men are watch-dogs of the treasury. They are good watch-dogs.

"The moral of Milwaukee's new fame is plain enough. Men who can be trusted mean more than dummies of parties ever can mean to honest government. We pay a high price for ignoring this proposition."

Acme

"Borrow, Borrow, Borrow"

That's what other cities do, but Milwaukee pays cash, says Mayor Hoan.

"WHAT Milwaukee has done for its finances, any city can do," asserts Mayor Hoan, in an article written for the New York *Evening Post*. "Under present political management, however, most municipal officials of the old-line parties have not the character to withstand the constant demand to lower the tax rate and are driven by moral cowardice to borrow, borrow, borrow, which practise results in an ever-increasing amount of interest expense of government."

Here are some excerpts from Mayor Hoan's statement, giving other clues to Milwaukee's success:

"In the city of New York, out of every tax dollar received, forty-two cents must be paid out to meet the debt obligation which comes due each year and to pay the growing interest expense. In Milwaukee, because of a different policy, only eighteen cents out of each dollar collected is used to retire bonds and to meet interest charges.

"The first step taken to put the city on a sound financial basis was to check the borrowing habit.

"It became necessary to effect economies, and so a scientific budget system was established.

"To effect further savings the city government instituted a centralized purchasing agency, which by systematized buying saves a conservatively estimated 10 per cent. on all supplies.

"To-day more than three-fourths of all city work is done on a cash basis and within three years we expect all of our departments to be on this basis. Thus we are able to pay in cash our contractors for their work as soon as it is completed and the interest burden from the issuance of debt certificates has been eliminated."

And then Mayor Hoan tells us how the problem of the bonded debt was handled—

"All cities are staggering under this load.

"A plan, unique among all cities, was worked out; this provided for an amortization fund which will, within thirty years, be sufficiently large to pay off all our public debt.

"When that time comes fully $8 a thousand will be achieved in the reduction of taxes.

"Where did the money come from for this amortization fund? In all cities it is the habit to deposit the city's money received at tax-paying time in the banks, which pay 2 per cent. interest. A Socialist Alderman suggested that part of this tax money be invested in United States bonds or good municipal bonds paying 3 to 5 per cent.

"This was done, and the city's interest increased enormously, as the difference between 2 per cent. and 4 per cent. on millions of dollars, even in short periods, is considerable.

"The amortization fund already has exceeded $3,000,000, and is growing each year at a remarkable rate.

"After reading of Milwaukee's financial program one might surmise that the city staggers under a heavy tax rate, but this is not the case. . . . Our tax rate for all city purposes, including schools, is $25.96 per thousand of assessed valuation."

"ANY other city could have put itself in as good financial condition as Milwaukee by the simple process of electing Socialists to office over a period of years," declares the Milwaukee *Leader*, but *The Journal*, in the same city, retorts that "Milwaukee's sound financial condition is not the fruit of Socialism"—

"It is rather the fruit of political balance in the City Hall, with enough Socialists on the job to watch other political groups, and enough of other political groups to watch the Socialists. They all need watching."

Whatever the cause, papers throughout the country are praising the result.

In a hundred editorial pages, Milwaukee is held up as an example of what municipal government should be.

In Philadelphia, which is having its financial difficulties, *The Record* sadly draws a contrast:

"Two cities, Philadelphia and Milwaukee, in the same country, governing themselves—one faces chaos, hasn't had an honest budget in years, staggers under a $13,000,000 deficit, has $20,000,000 in tax delinquencies; while the other is solvent, has saved money, cut taxes, and come out ahead.

"Many an observer, from Jefferson to Bryce, has declared that American cities are the great failure of democracy. Milwaukee shows it isn't always true.

"It needn't be true forever of Philadelphia, either."

AGREEING, *The Evening Public Ledger*, in the same city, adds that—

"Any city, Philadelphia included, could make a similar revision of municipal finances if the public interests were sufficient to exile politics.

"They are not overnight cures, nor are they flamboyant panaceas. They are hard-headed business principles applied to public affairs, something most cities lack because of public apathy."

Milwaukee Is Famous Again

—Thomas in the Detroit "News."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

IT seems too worn and decrepit for a Young plan.—*Pasadena Post.*

THE Windy City ought to be able to "raise the dust."—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

ANOTHER thing that has greatly depreciated in value is a sucker list.—*Lancaster New Era.*

STILL, the destruction of life in the Orient is no worse than that in the Accident.—*Newark Ledger.*

DEPOSITORS are people who get scared and break a bank and then cuss it for breaking.—*Elizabeth Journal.*

THOSE who blame Mr. Hoover for everything should at least give him credit for a mild winter.—*New Britain Herald.*

BY all means have a referendum before declaring war. Then let those who want it pay for the darned thing.—*Chico (Cal.) Record.*

THAT incessant brittle noise you are beginning to hear is caused by New Year's resolutions beginning to crack.—*San Diego Union.*

A CITIZEN is a man who demands better roads, bigger schools, a new post-office—and lower taxes.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

OUR position simply is that if Uncle Sam can't balance his budget he isn't any smarter than his nephews.—*Dallas Morning News.*

As we understand it, Germany would manage to get along if she could borrow from Peter to pay Paul without paying Paul.—*Weston Leader.*

OLD-FASHIONED charity, asserts a noted divine, makes no successful appeal to careless moderns. Maybe that's because it begins where hardly anybody ever is nowadays.—*Boston Herald.*

Just Around the Corner

—Frueh in "The New Yorker."

OH, well, it is in the nature of things for Finns to be wet.—*Washington Evening Star.*

ANYHOW, China has saved her face. She couldn't lose a war she wasn't having.—*Weston Leader.*

NOW let's have a little emphasis on the fact that 132,643 banks haven't closed.—*Rockford Star.*

PERFECTION will be reached when the automobile can be made fool-in-the-other-car-proof.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

IF only statesmen could learn that the salvation of the world begins where charity does.—*Peru (Ind.) Tribune.*

THE Culbertson system must be better if it enables husband and wife to play that long as partners.—*Davenport Times.*

THOSE war correspondents had better hurry back from Manchuria or they'll miss the Democratic national convention.—*Judge.*

REPARATIONS cost the poor Germans almost as much as they would spend for armament if they were free.—*Harrisburg News.*

A GRAPHOLOGIST says faults and virtues are betrayed by writing. Especially when read from the witness stand.—*Palm Beach Post.*

JAPAN is seemingly determined to wipe out Manchurian bandits if it costs the life of the last Chinese soldier.—*Weston Leader.*

WELL, it seems clear enough that the Culbertson system will win if you get the cards and can outplay your opponents.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

IF Henry Ford, who is quoted as saying that prosperity is more harmful than adversity, will exchange places with us and still say it, we will agree with him.—*Dallas News Era.*

JUST to prove that they don't want Manchuria, the Japanese are going right on into China.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

IF what happened in Manchuria weren't so fresh in mind, we'd suggest asking the League of Nations to stop the contract bridge wars.—*Nashville Banner.*

THE way clamorous minorities are calling for billions in relief appropriations, they must think Congress meets on Capital Hill.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

YOU may also have noticed, if pay day comes on Friday or Saturday, that 1932 contains fifty-three of them. A Prosperous New Year!—*Christian Science Monitor.*

A NEWSPAPER correspondent writes that the Japanese have gone simply mad about baseball. The Chinese probably wish they'd make a home run.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

"Do not forget the garden; there is plenty to do in it just now," says the writer of an article. For instance, some nice deep holes can be dug to receive those gift cigars.—*The Humorist.*

READING about the great contract tournament has taught us one thing. What dubs refer to as "a bonehead bid made on a fool hunch" is called a "psychic bid" by the experts.—*Nashville Banner.*

MEBBE folks are hardening up with a bit of preliminary practise for the approaching campaign. At any rate, a packers' report indicates an increase in the consumption of boloney.—*Boston Herald.*

MILWAUKEE, after paying all bills due, has a large sum of money still in the city treasury, and is unique among cities. It seems that the city bought only what it had money to pay for. A droll idea!—*Detroit News.*

AFTER Japan winds up in Manchuria, something tells us the unwinding will be difficult.—*Dallas Morning News.*

MR. CULBERTSON remarks that bridge experts take the game too seriously, and we only wish this trait could be confined to the experts.—*San Diego Union.*

BEARS, we read, are very fond of berries, fruit, and similar vegetable food. And, with the lamb supply exhausted, perhaps it's just as well.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

WE suggest timidly that maybe things would be better if less time were spent in taking cotton off the market and more in putting it on the girls.—*Boston Herald.*

WILLIAM R. HEARST calls Speaker Garner "another Champ Clark" and Speaker Garner is scratching his head in deep cogitation, seeking to determine what Willie means.—*Lynchburg News.*

A CRITIC of Einstein says there are changing fashions in science as there are in clothes. We had noticed the minus sign has become quite a fad in government mathematics.—*Detroit News.*

A CHAIN of restaurants has taken a crack at depression by announcing larger pieces of pie. All we need now is somebody to promise a bigger turnover for business men.—*Boston Herald.*

PROHIBITION DIRECTOR WOODCOCK says that the wets are making his job more difficult, Well, another way to look at it is that, if there weren't any wets Mr. Woodcock wouldn't have any job.—*Judge.*

"WHEN Charles Chaplin sends his shirts to the laundry," says a gossip-note writer, "they steal them for souvenirs." Of course, we're not so popular; they only take parts of ours.—*The Humorist (London).*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

With Fire and Sword in Republican Spain

ARSON AND MURDER fomented by oral and written propaganda, the possession of knives, daggers, firearms, incendiary machines, and explosives by a great part of the people, and the knowledge that those guilty of the monastery and convent fires of May 11, last, went unpunished—these are the chief factors in the violent disorders, general strikes and attacks on church property in widely separated parts of Spain.

Such is the charge of the Catholic Madrid daily, *El Debate*, cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST in an editorial which resulted in the newspaper's indefinite suspension by the Government. It puts all Republicans and Socialists in the wrong for strike riots, and adds:

"In one word the cause of the present epidemic of disturbances is the policy of the present régime, which is not one of peace."

The most serious outbreaks were in Viscaya and Valencia provinces, according to Madrid United Press dispatches. At Bilbao, on Sunday, January 17, four were killed in a Republican-Monarchist clash and a general strike paralyzed business.

Communists and laborers besieged thirty-nine Monarchists, including several priests, in the Tradicionalista Club, and were threatening to lynch them when civil guards came to the rescue and transferred the Monarchists to the jail.

Another mob of Communists demonstrated at the prison on other business. They were demanding the release of several of their leaders. The Communists were freed, and they marched to the center of the city where a huge Communist demonstration was held.

A crowd of laborers, it is also reported, poured gasoline on churches and a convent at Bilbao and a near-by town, Santurce, and set them afire. In Bilbao streets, there were riots, and the offices of a Catholic newspaper were attacked and wrecked.

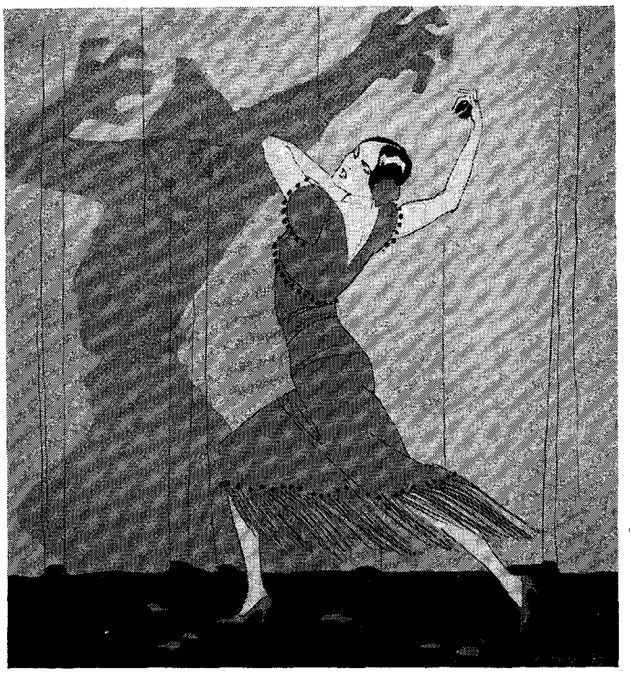
The funeral of the victims at Bilbao was attended by 25,000 laborers, who were watched by military guards. These deaths increased the loss of life in recent political disorders in Spain to almost thirty.

THE disturbances reported from Valencia, it appears, were chiefly attempts to burn churches in several villages. Civil Guards were hard prest to control the outbreaks, and there was a clash between the demonstrators and the Civil Guards, in which many were injured.

Seville press cables report the arrest of forty Communists and syndicalist leaders after the killing of José Sanchez, president of the Shoeworkers' Syndicate. Communists were accused of the attack on Sanchez by the authorities, who searched Communist headquarters and found pistols and other weapons together with pamphlets urging a general strike.

The religious and labor disorders which have caused turmoil in many parts of Spain during the last few weeks, say Madrid correspondents, have resulted in a Cabinet order that Santiago Casares, Minister of the Interior, use the defense law with "all severity to preserve the peace."

Government officials attribute the disturbances to a revolutionary movement by the Communist elements. Communists and syndicalists are said to be organizing "Liberal Communism."



"Sunny Spain's Dance of Revolution"
—"Kladderadatsch" (Berlin).

The succession of riots between Catholics and anti-Catholics, and the numerous attempts to burn churches, we learn, are just another phase of the movement. Meanwhile government forces are being strengthened as a precautionary measure against a general strike.

MADRID dispatches inform us also that city workers in several sections of Spain have moved into the country, where they have taken over land and begun to till it. In most cases, it seems, the owners offer no resistance. The workers merely explain that their object is to provide themselves with food.

The Government of Spain's adolescent Republic appears to be belabored on every side. It is blamed for leniency toward the Clericals. It is blamed for pussyfooting with enemies of the Republic, no matter of what faction. An extremist organ of Madrid, *La Tierra*, says in an editorial cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST:

"The Bilbao incidents clearly were due to the leniency of the republic's power toward the Clericals, who believe that Spain brought about the revolution merely for the purpose of substituting Don Niceto for Alfonso Bourbon as the resident of Oriente Palace."

Among other cables to THE LITERARY DIGEST, we find the Conservative Madrid *El Sol* remarking placidly:

"The Bilbao and Valencia incidents were born of sudden lightheadedness among youths at a time when nobody expected such commotions. All lovers of order should support the Government against the proceedings of the Right extremists at Biscay and the Left extremists at Valencia."

THE Monarchical *ABC* traces the roots of the disturbances to the "subversive propaganda spread a year ago." This was when the Spanish Republic was gradually coming into being. Another Conservative organ, *Informaciones*, maintains that the untoward incidents were provoked by the singing of the Internationale by Socialists and Anarchists, and it paints a gloomy picture of Spain teeming with social conflicts.

But further cables to THE LITERARY DIGEST show a Republican daily, *Luz*, reproaching the Government for its mild policy toward the Monarchists. That policy is held partly responsible for the Bilbao incidents, and the *Luz* urges condign punishment for those that provoke them. It adds:

"Reactionaries believe that the Government's liberal attitude results from supposed weakness. Public authority is stronger

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than ever, for behind the Government are all the people. The spontaneous solidarity of the Left elements at the funeral of the Bilbao victims is proof of this."

But the Republican *Heraldo* demands—

"Exemplary punishment of the enemies of the republic, whether they are of the Right or the Left extreme. Already too much blood has been spilled. Answering the foolish allegations of the Conservative newspapers we point to the accusatory bodies of the victims of Arnedo and Bilbao."

In cabled editorials from other parts of Europe to THE LITERARY DIGEST, an illuminating view of republican conditions in Spain is presented by the Liberal Manchester *Guardian:*

"The Spanish Government inherited a difficult situation. The wonder is not that there are still disorders and strikes, but that such good progress has been made toward establishing a sound and orderly administration.

"It is superficially a little disappointing that the first task of a government created by a wave of popular enthusiasm, or even idealism, should in most cases be the rigorous suppression of its own turbulent adherents.

"Yet this is inevitable. The Government again has shown its determination not to yield in the face of noise and violence, whether it comes from the Left or from the Right.

"How far the disturbances can be attributed to Communist influence is a matter of conjecture.

"From the general support of the Government's measures, however drastic, it seems that a majority of Spaniards realize that in present circumstances such measures are necessary."

A German Charge

"Moscow on the job in Spain."
—"Kladderadatsch (Berlin).

Another event destined to attract world attention to Spain, we are told, is the decree dissolving the Jesuit order in that country, "the homeland of its founder, St. Ignatius Loyola." Associated Press dispatches from Madrid on January 20 cited "a high Government source" as telling of the signing of the decree by President Zamora, altho it had not then been officially published. We read:

"The decree, which follows the adoption of a provision in the new Spanish Constitution empowering the Government to dissolve religious orders under certain stipulations, also calls for confiscation of the property of the order in Spain, estimated at $30,000,000, the high Government authority said.

"The Society of Jesus was founded in 1539.

"The property subject to confiscation under the decree consists principally of churches, schools and their contents, valued roughly at thirty millions, according to officials of the order. The total holdings are estimated at about $100,000,000, but most of these are in the form of stock and bond investments in the name of individuals and companies and can not be touched.

"The incorporation of the provision in the new Constitution of the Republic under which the present decree was drawn was the occasion of a bitter controversy in the constitutional convention. The clause did not specifically mention the Jesuits, but it was understood to be aimed at them.

"The dissolution decree was opposed by Jaime Carner, Minister of the Treasury, official sources said, but the other ministers overrode his opposition. He was reported to have predicted it would provoke disorders and lack of confidence in the Government, damaging the peseta and the country's financial situation."

Keeping China's Boycott Booming

CHINA'S MIGHTIEST WEAPON against Japan is the boycott, or, as Chinese editors now term it, "non-cooperation."

A Chinese newspaper claims that up to the end of 1931 the boycott cost Japan $143,000,000.

From the beginning the press have urged this practise as the most effective method to "bring Japan to her senses." But now the feeling is wide-spread that the whole country must be set aflame with ardor in the non-cooperation campaign.

What is more, Nanking dispatches report China's intention to ask the League of Nations for an international boycott of Japan. Under Article XVI, we are reminded, any member of the League resorting to war in violation of the League obligations, shall be deemed to have committed an act of war against all members. The penalty involves a complete trade and financial boycott of the offending nations.

But in surveying the situation, in China, a Shanghai Chinese-edited weekly, *The China Critic*, fears that the Chinese are beginning to lose sight of non-cooperation, which was the universal concern of the Chinese people at the beginning of the Manchurian trouble. The reproach of this newspaper is that the Chinese have centered their attention on internal affairs and have let down their efforts on the equally important matter of dealing a blow to the enemy.

More depressing still to this Chinese weekly is the realization that recent developments in Geneva as well as in Manchuria make the situation more gloomy than ever. Nor does it feel any assurance that the Commission of Inquiry will be able to act in an unbiased way and that the League will give China a fair chance when the actual facts are gathered. Then the surprizing admission is made:

"It is true that China's internal trouble is at the root of the problem.

"No one would question the desirability of the innumerable ways in which the whole nation, particularly the students, have labored to bring about national unification and internal reform.

"We believe, however, that we have done as much as we can do along this line for the time being, and that it is time to turn our attention again to Japan herself.

"Statistics show that, economically, Japan has already suffered a great deal from China's boycott. According to the *Shun Pao*, it is estimated that her exports to China have decreased already by some $143,000,000 during 1931.

"The last three months of 1931 alone brought 900,000 tons of her shipping in China to a complete standstill, involving a loss of $64,000,000.

"Observers in Japan reported that the boycott has so aggravated the already precarious financial situation in the country that a vast number of people are actually on the verge of starvation and that the breaking point may be reached if the strain continues for any length of time."

In view of these facts, *The China Critic* urges the Chinese to

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make use to the fullest extent of the only weapon within their reach. Also, it declares in spite of popular opinion to the contrary, that it does not believe China is in shape to go to war with Japan. Nor does it believe that the Government is prepared to take such a step. We read then:

"But whether we are going to have war or not, our contention holds: non-cooperation, and non-cooperation alone, however fierce and stubborn Japan may be, will prove to be our only method of defense before which Japan must bow in defeat.

"Let us therefore cut off all our economic and civil relations with Japan, refusing to have anything to do with the Japanese in buying and selling, in banking and shipping, as employers and employed, and even in ordinary personal contacts, unless they go directly toward the solving of our present problem.

"Even if Japan were to succeed in occupying all our territory, which she can not do, a complete non-cooperation on the part of our people will so paralyze her movements in China that eventually she will have to give up her present course if she wants to prevent a calamity in her own country."

But non-cooperation is by no means an easy weapon to wield, we are told. In the first place, it requires sacrifices. *The China Critic* does not mean the necessary sacrifice involved in loss of trade with Japan. It means sacrifice in terms of "bloodshed and other serious upheavals" which must accompany a nation-wide movement "against an already furious enemy."

Tho this can not be compared with bloodshed in armed warfare, nevertheless it "may become just as bitter, and even more difficult to be borne." This Shanghai weekly's second plea to the Chinese people is for better organization of the boycott, and it goes on to explain:

"Non-cooperation must be a movement consciously and solemnly participated in by people who know what it is all about and who are prepared to stick by it through thick and thin. The loose organization of the present anti-Japanese and National Salvation unions will not do for such a movement. It must have the seriousness of a secret society without its odium and its exclusiveness. It must also be a nation-wide and unified organization.

"In the third place, we must purge from such a movement all selfishness and ulterior motives. Many patriotic movements in China have ended in a mess because of graft and squabbles. Heart-aching news of such corruption again reached us recently, warning us of the approaching dissolution of the most vital part of our work against Japan. We must guard against this enemy which fatally attacks us from within.

"Let us not forget that the Three Eastern Provinces are still in the iron grip of Japanese military power. Let us be reminded that Japan does not have the slightest intention to withdraw from her present position. When the League has failed us; when even our own Government has failed us, it does not mean that we have to resign to fate and wait for perdition. We still have our mightiest weapon in non-cooperation, if only our people can unite and are prepared to fight to the last ditch in this non-violent warfare.

"Will the leadership for this movement be forthcoming? Will our people be calm enough and wise enough to see in non-cooperation something of such importance that they will put all their efforts into it to make it a success? This will be the acid test of our national stamina during the next six months."

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Tardieu on His Way

France's Minister of War and head of the Geneva Disarmament delegation, whose well-marked heavy jaw suggests "the mastiff's bite" in a face full of strength and grasp.

Tardieu a Worry to the Germans

A NEW MAN BUT NO NEW SPIRIT has entered the French War Office, say German editors.

They are disappointed at the selection of André Tardieu as Minister of War in the new Laval Cabinet.

Incidentally, the French have never known a ministerial crisis which ended so rapidly. The Laval Ministry was "out again, in again" inside twenty-four hours, leaving the French public amazed yet nevertheless pleased, says a Paris correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, at the extraordinary celerity, sang-froid, and political sense of Mr. Laval.

But in Germany, the Berlin *Tageblatt* remarks cynically that neither Premier Laval nor André Tardieu as Minister of War is likely to make any "gesture" that might allay Germany's fears for the future, altho they both probably will assure the world that French policy is to be one of peaceful cooperation. According to the *Vossische Zeitung:*

"Tardieu's appointment means stubborn resistance on disarmament, and with Laval as Foreign Minister the French attitude on reparations will remain unchanged. Unless the signs are wrong, this Cabinet's policy will be one of increased sharpness toward Germany."

That Laval and Tardieu to-day dominate the policies of France at the most critical period since the close of the war is widely admitted, and some point out that each is eager to demonstrate his capacity for leadership. Mr. Tardieu, it is recalled, is a one-time Premier of France, and now at fifty-four, looking infinitely younger, he is described as having knowledge that is "encyclopedic," and a capacity for work that is "ferocious." So Roger Verdun writes of him in the London *National Review*. A vigorous optimism and a robust digestion combine, with restful sleep, to make up Tardieu's elixir of youth, and this informant goes on:

"He does not impress the casual observer.

"He has no flowing locks, side whiskers or hirsute beard, no professional, shell-rimmed spectacles or pretentious eyeglass, no showy waistcoat or costly buttonhole. The reason may be that, being simplicity itself, he hates attitudinizing, has no mannerisms; and does nothing to impress, or catch the eye of, the ordinary passer-by.

"It is perhaps the welcome line of cleavage between the old and boisterous style of statesmanship and the new—with its impatience of verbosity, pretense, and affectation, and its appetite for directness and achievement.

"The head is well poised on strongly built shoulders. It bespeaks mental balance and equilibrium.

"There is strength and grasp and width in that full face and spacious forehead. And there is light and life and depth—and daring, too, in those queer, quick, penetrating, lemur-gray eyes, behind the twinkling glasses.

"The well-marked, heavy jaws have in them beyond question the mastiff's bite. The chin is wilful. So is the mouth, between its close-cropped mustache and thick, sensible underlip.

"The long, quizzical, humorous nose is ominous of incisive wit, and that skull, if phrenology means anything, must hold a powerful and retentive memory."

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How We Wrong Germany

AMERICAN RESENTMENT TOWARD GERMANY for her misconduct in money matters wounds the Germans and stirs their press to excited denials and explanations.

Also the blame for American misunderstanding of Germany is put on France by newspapers like the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, monarchical organ hotly opposed to the German Republic, and again by the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, which charge that the French have subtly and systematically spread an atmosphere of distrust and suspicion of Germany in the United States.

A similar sentiment is exprest by the substantial Berlin *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, which remarks that the United States is flooded with pamphlets and papers designed to prejudice the mind with impressions of Germany as an insatiable borrower and a chronic defaulter.

The whole matter is elaborately elucidated in the columns of the *Deutsche Allgemeine*, which bases its remarks on a study by the German expert, Abraham Frowein, in the *Deutsche Wirtschaftzeitung*. Looking backward, the *Deutsche Allgemeine* recalls:

"On November 9, 1918, Germany collapsed. Her position was different from that of the victorious Powers in one way only. She had lost the war—she had passed through an overturn. Whether the demands made upon Germany in the Treaty of Versailles were justified, it is aside from the purpose to ask. It is only necessary to ask whether the economic demands made upon Germany in this Treaty are practical or possible of fulfilment without at the same time destroying the economic foundations of the international business system.

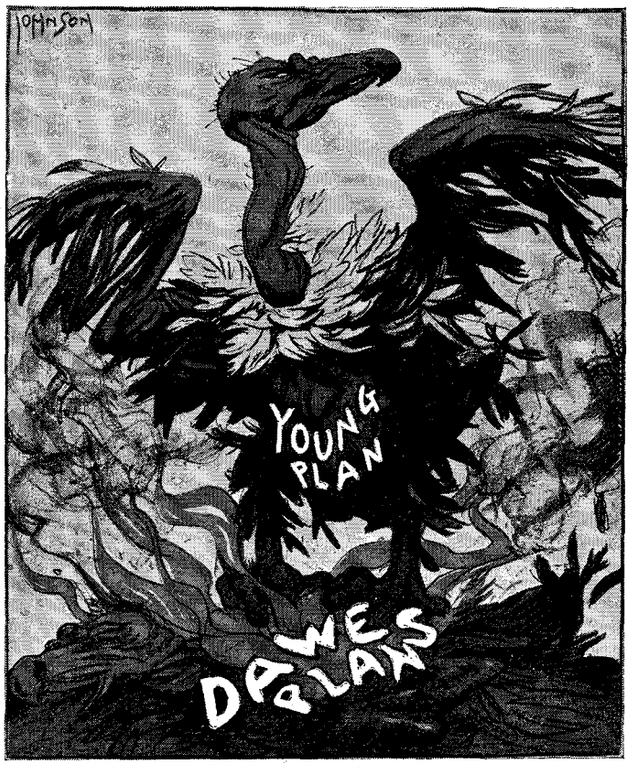
"What has really happened? In the first place, a portion of the war debts has been retrieved by the liquidation of German property abroad.

"An exception must be made here in the case of the United States of America, which gave back the assets.

"The value of this private property is reckoned at 11.7 milliards. Germany had government property and railway material which she surrendered to the amount of 15.3 milliards. Finally, German property at home, in the form of ships, securities, and the like, was handed over to the tune of 7.5 milliards.

"The costs of the occupation of 1923 and the sums impounded during the Ruhr invasion came to another six milliards of reichsmarks. Goods deliveries came to 7.5 milliards. Cash payments under the Dawes plan and the Young plan, up to July, 1931, were 9.7 milliards. This is a sum total of 56.7 milliards in reichsmarks. If these items are not to stand at the German valuation, let us accept the American estimate of 34.6 milliards (up to March 31, 1929). Against these values taken out of German national assets, we have a total amount of capital brought into Germany, according to the Layton report, of 18.2 milliards."

Now these figures, declares the *Deutsche Allgemeine*, plainly show that any liquidation of such values is not possible unless effected through goods, deliveries in kind, or by means of fresh credits.



A German Threat

Any new bird will go as quickly as the old ones.

—"Kladderadatsch" (Berlin).

The credits granted to Germany—credits alleged to prove the amazing irresponsibility of Germany—were an inevitable result of the performance required of her because such performance could not be effected through the medium of goods. Turning then to the status of affairs after the acceptance of the Dawes plan, this Berlin daily observes:

"The Dawes plan gave the world, for the first time since the end of the World War, the feeling that now a safe basis was provided for the working of the capitalistic system in promotion of world trade. It gave Germany the feeling that she must make vast goods' deliveries through her national economic system. Thus would she be able to bear the burden laid upon her—by delivering her surplus stocks to her creditors or performing other kinds of service.

"This idea, which Germany and the rest of the world held in good faith, led to the fact that Germany, wholly deprived of capital by the outcome of the World War, was flooded with offers of capital from all the world, especially from the United States of America.

"These offers of capital and credit were not made, as a rule, to the German central government, which had to meet the burden of Dawes plan payments.

"They were taken advantage of, they were made, as is inevitable under a capitalistic economic system, by and to individual industrialists or merchants directly, or they were effected through bankers to local governments. These local governments pledged their public works, their water systems, gas works, power-houses, and other structures required by their people.

"The whole world had made a mistake. The deliveries and payments under the Dawes plan were not made out of surpluses accruing from German business. Even those responsible for the Young plan thought they had contrived a foundation for the transfers called for by the reparations payments. They too deceived themselves."

NOTHING ever crashed, the Germans claim, with such suddenness and completeness as the Young plan. All doubt of this allegation is dissipated to the satisfaction of an eminent German economist, Dr. William Roepke, and that too by himself in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. Nobody, he says, blinks the fact any longer that Germany is completely insolvent. Naturally Germany's creditors are not in a pleasant mood, he admits, and goes on:

"It may be conceded that Germany, from 1924 to 1928, overestimated the income to be derived from the productive employment of foreign credits.

"It may be further conceded that the employment of those foreign credits was not always productive in the sense that interest and repayment sustained a due relation to economic returns and total investments financed by means of such foreign credits. Too many and too costly dwellings were built. Too many stadiums, too many theaters, too many observatories and public parks were brought into existence.

"If Germany did get foreign credits on such a large scale, this implies that those who loaned the money assured themselves beforehand that a good and safe bargain was to be driven. Or are we to assume that the lenders were philanthropists?

"If they deceived themselves in their expectations of profit, the fault is just as much theirs as that of the Germans. We assume that our foreign creditors do not believe they were deliberately deceived by the Germans—something which no one has yet affirmed."

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Japan's Modern Art—No Thanks to Paris

PARIS HAS NOT BEEN ABLE to sink the native art of Japan.

Like our own, many Japanese artists have turned toward Paris as an art Mekka and joined forces in the international battle-ground of art.

Foujita, we know, is an exalted commingling of East and West.

Then there are "in Japan just as in America, little Picassos and Matisses," as a writer in the New York *American* avers.

But the native school, hitherto unknown to us, is now to be seen at the Roerich Museum, in New York, and later in other cities, in an exhibition sponsored by the Department of Education of the Imperial Japanese Government.

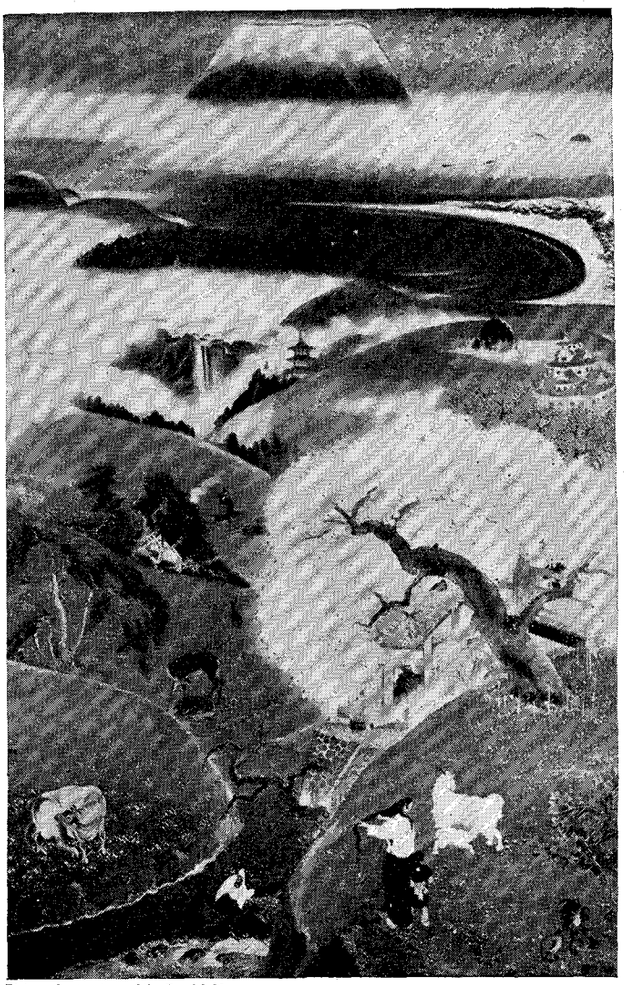
This native school still holds to the old Japanese and Chinese traditions with just enough infusion of modernity to make it acceptable to modern life.

"Here we take modernity," says Edward Alden Jewell in the New York *Times*, "that speaks in cherry-blossom language, not that of Montmartre."

THIS is said to be the first official showing of contemporary Japanese art to be held in this country.

It may not excite those who look only for thrills in art, but it will illustrate the artistic aims of the people so much in the news of the day.

The New York *American* helps to an understanding:



Pictures by courtesy of the Roerich Museum

"Aspects of Japan"—a Composite Picture

By Shusei, the painting name of Mitsumaro Kobayakawa, born in 1889, several years a student in Europe, and in 1929 accorded the high honor of Suisen.

"The Japanese themselves divide their traditional styles into three categories—the old national style of ink and water-color painting on silk, the older Chinese style from which the art was originally derived, and the style of the genre painters.

"Among the several score painters represented, three varieties of traditionalists are distinguished—the academicians, the 'men of letters' or those who have revived symbolical painting, and a group whom the Japanese call secessionists, but whom we would call progressive conservatives or independent traditionalists.

"To the average American, whose knowledge of Japanese painting is extremely limited, these various distinctions will not be immediately noticeable. He will probably judge the overarching ideal of the entire contemporary school to be decorative realism.

"But at such a judgment of their work, Japanese artists would hang their heads in shame. For while they strive, indeed, to be decorative, they never aim, academician and independent alike, at realism.

"The basic ideal of contemporary, as of all Japanese painting, is to evade the real and create in its place the poetry of illusion.

"In many passages of their 'canvases' they do, to be sure, ofttimes approximate reality with extraordinary fidelity to fact.

"Here, for example, is a bird with wings so true to nature that an ornithologist could study the species from the picture. Or here is a bee, a fish, or a blossom which is impeccably lifelike. These passages are, however, but single touches in a larger scheme; they are combined with other, often wholly unnaturalistic passages, in order to gain extreme contrast and thus in the end create the illusion desired.

"Always it is the poetry, the artist's own lyrical intuition of his theme, never a mere description of nature, which is the ideal of Japanese painting. If the American spectator misses that, he misses the whole purpose of painting in Japan."

JAPANESE painting emphasizes line as distinct from mass:

"Their fundamental, nay, their instinctive conception of painting is linear rather than plastic.

"So disciplined is the draftsmanship of even the least of their painters that their lines must carry effects of light and shade in addition to effects of thought, emotion, and characterization.

"The Japanese tradition does not permit an artist to draw a line by building it up with several short strokes. He must draw it with one sweep of the brush. Draftsmanship is thus the soul of the painter's technique, and the exhibition is worth a visit if for nothing but the sight of such exquisitely subtle drawing.

"Happily, the pictures merit attention on general grounds as well. In their bold and delicate colorings, their fine decorative achievements, and their poetic interpretations of nature, these portraits, figure pieces, landscapes, flower paintings, and examples of genre finely gratify the eyes and rouse the mind with pleasure."

THE point of difference is charmingly enforced by a Japanese writer, Yoshisaburo Okakura, contributing to the catalog:

"In the present exhibition, some visitors are sure to feel at sea in face of an art form so very different, in ideal and technique.

"And different, indeed, from your way they are—most of these pieces exhibited here! But that they are so is just what makes your attention to them worthy of your while—the more because it might eventually lead you to the healthy mental habit of seeing things in a new celestial light of cosmopolitan understanding.

"It is therefore with a deep sense of honor and delight for me here to assure all who come to see these pictures that practically all of the pieces on show are by well-known artists of a country in the far Orient where art has long found her earthly home—by master spirits in painting who have made their way to fame at home and abroad, in the different spheres of their several art activities.

"Allow me, in this connection, to add a word of warning

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against the frequent, and often only too hasty, echoing to the charm of the famous lines of Kipling's:

> Oh, East is East, and West is West,
> And never the twain shall meet.

"Here, of course, the poet has in view a phase of occurrence which can be true only in the domain of five senses. In the world of emotion, however, in the heavenly realm of art, peoples of different race and language can freely meet and realize, to their mutual gain and delight, that, in pursuance of one mighty purpose running through ages:

> God fulfils himself in many ways.

"On Her Way Home," by Saburo

The wife of a woodman of the artist's native province hurrying homeward at dusk with a bundle of fagots on her back. The artist was born in Fukushima in 1897.

Opulence in Hollywood

ESCAPE from Grub Street to Hollywood seems not so difficult.

That is the conviction Burton Rascoe enforces in the New York *Sun*.

His "Bookman's Daybook," once a column feature of the New York *Herald Tribune*, now issues from his California retreat, for *The Sun*.

Hollywood is not his abiding place, but a recent visit to the movie stronghold gives him some hints on how to grow rich there:

"The tale is told of Samuel Hoffenstein, the poet of 'Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing' and 'Year In, You're Out,' now a big shot scenarist who is given assignments like 'An American Tragedy.' Mr. Hoffenstein had quipped: 'We writers for the motion-pictures, here we work our fingers to the bone, take abuse from our lords and masters, and what do we get out of it? A fortune.'"

"The people I know there are people I knew not long since as hard-working journalists, press agents, and budding novelists existing in a sort of genteel poverty, like myself. And now they are all drawing enormous salaries, or, at all events, salaries which seem enormous to me.

"One chap, who, when I last saw him, was sharing with three other penniless writers a large squalid studio room in Greenwich Village, and eating, mostly on tick, at the restaurant speakeasy of an artistically disposed Italian, is now drawing, so I hear, $1,750 a week as a writer of scenarios.

"Altho I am sure he is still the soul of courtesy, I should hesitate in my diffidence to present myself to him in my rags."

A Forgotten Boys' Classic

"WHAT DO BOYS READ NOW—Schopenhauer?" *The Herald Tribune* is in doubt about what they read, but seems to think that Schopenhauer is the only next step after "Motor Boys" and "Balloon Boys."

One remembers G. A. Henty, but who has lately thought of Horatio Alger, Jr.?

His centenary, "less than a national event," was dated for January 13, and *The Herald Tribune* pays a tribute:

"The name itself has been enshrined endurably in the national language as a literary and cultural symbol.

"One wonders how many of the cognoscenti have spoken scornfully of 'the Alger books' without ever having read them; one wonders, too, how many graying representatives are left of the generations which did read them or their counterparts.

"For Horatio Alger was only one of a school of nineteenth-century practitioners whose gentle and dreadfully fluent pens poured out their tales 'for the young' by the hundred if not the thousand, whose precocious heroes led lives of blameless nobility and the most improbable coincidence, always fighting their way upward through hair-raising excitements to the material prosperity which was virtue's fit reward.

"For some obscure reason (it could scarcely have been connected with their literary excellence), the books of this class never fell under the terrible bans pronounced against the dime novels. Perhaps it was because they came in boards instead of the immoral paper, and were written by clergymen or teachers as estimable as the boy heroes whose adventures they recorded.

"Mr. Alger began life as a clergyman, and opened his literary career with two temperance stories. His lips never touched either liquor or the weed, and upon the appearance of his first boys' books they were ordered by hundreds of Sunday-school libraries. Thereafter he went into quantity production. The 'Ragged Dick' series, the 'Tattered Tom' series, 'Luck and Pluck,' 'Sink or Swim,' and many others came forth to the number of seventy-five or a hundred volumes."

BUT where are the boys' books of yester-year?

"The first Alger stories, it is said, appeared in one of William T. Adams's juvenile magazines.

"Mr. Adams was a school-teacher and educator who, under the famous name of 'Oliver Optic,' produced some 100 published volumes, and is credited with over 1,000 stories. 'The Starry Flag,' 'Onward and Upward,' 'Great Western,' and many others are supposed to have run to a total circulation of 1,000,000 volumes. For, in spite of the family sanction, the boys read them in all their endless series.

"The 'success story,' of course, is perennially popular; it is still turned out in quantity for adult children to-day. But were Victorian parents altogether wise in upholding an ideal of white-collar prosperity, which Americans are perhaps too ready to seize upon anyway?

"Another clergyman-author could scarcely be criticized on those grounds. The kindly Jacob Abbott turned out twenty-eight volumes of the 'Rollo' books, six volumes of the 'Lucy' books, ten volumes of 'The Franconia Stories,' and enough others to amount to some 200 titles.

"Numerous as they were, however, they were sounder stuff than some others; even modern children are still fascinated by the very human doings of *Fanny* and the wonderful *Beechnut*, or by the charming steel engravings which illustrated them.

"Later on came G. A. Henty—alien but exciting reading for boys too young for Kipling—and after him the school seems to have degenerated into various kinds of 'Motor Boys,' 'Balloon Boys,' and so on. What do boys read now—Schopenhauer?"

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Sinclair for the Nobel Prize

EIGHT YEARS AGO, UPTON SINCLAIR drew scorn upon American university professors in a book called "The Goose Step."

Now a goodly number of them have signed the petition nominating him for the Nobel Prize.

"The Goose Step" carried a caricature in which a big goose, clad in mortar-board and gown, was leading a flock of little geese through college.

A Nobel Prize candidate, notes the New York *Sun*, "has to be cited to the Swedish Academy by holders and former holders of academic positions." Mr. Sinclair has a formidable array of sponsors for his selection:

"Foreign holders and former holders are signers, too, in interesting ratios—thirteen Russians, twenty-four Indians, one Tasmanian, one Algerian, one Greek, one Icelander, seven Portuguese, thirteen from various countries whose signatures were received too late to classify—including some more forgiving Americans—their signatures and those of others are on the way, or will be shortly, to Stockholm."

The petition states its claim thus:

"Upton Sinclair is the author of some forty volumes of fiction, drama, economics, and social and literary criticism, and is unquestionably the most widely read of writers living to-day: his books have been translated into more than thirty languages, and have profoundly affected the thinking of both the masses and the more alert portion of the cultured world.

"We consider his greatest novels, as 'The Jungle,' 'Love's Pilgrimage,' 'Oil,' 'Boston,' outstanding achievements in the contemporary fiction of all lands, for their mastery of fact, for their social vision, for consistent, honest, and courageous thinking, for humanitarian passion, for originality in the technique of presentation, and for vitality and sweep of creative art."

THE petition is said to carry seven hundred and seventy names. About half are Americans. Distinguished names from abroad, according to Farrar and Rinehart, Mr. Sinclair's publishers, include Albert Einstein and Bertrand Russell, as forming the original impulse.

In the New York *Herald Tribune* we read:

"Among the seventy-nine Britons who joined in the proposal are Maurice Baring, Mrs. Thomas Hardy, Laurence Housman, J. S. Irving, Sir Arthur Pinero, Siegfried Sassoon, and Warren Dawson. The Greek Minister to the Court of St. James's, Dr. Joannes Gennadius, also signed in London.

"More than a score signed the proposal in France, among them Jules Cambon and Gabriel Hanotaux, of L'Academie Française; Lucien Descaves, of l'Academie Goncourt, and Prof. Fortunat Strowski, of the University of Paris. Louis Raemaekers was among the Belgian signatories.

"The signatures obtained abroad included members of the Royal Academy of Holland, and the academies and similar institutions in many other countries, including Soviet Russia, where Mr. Sinclair's works are perennial best-sellers."

Among Americans are

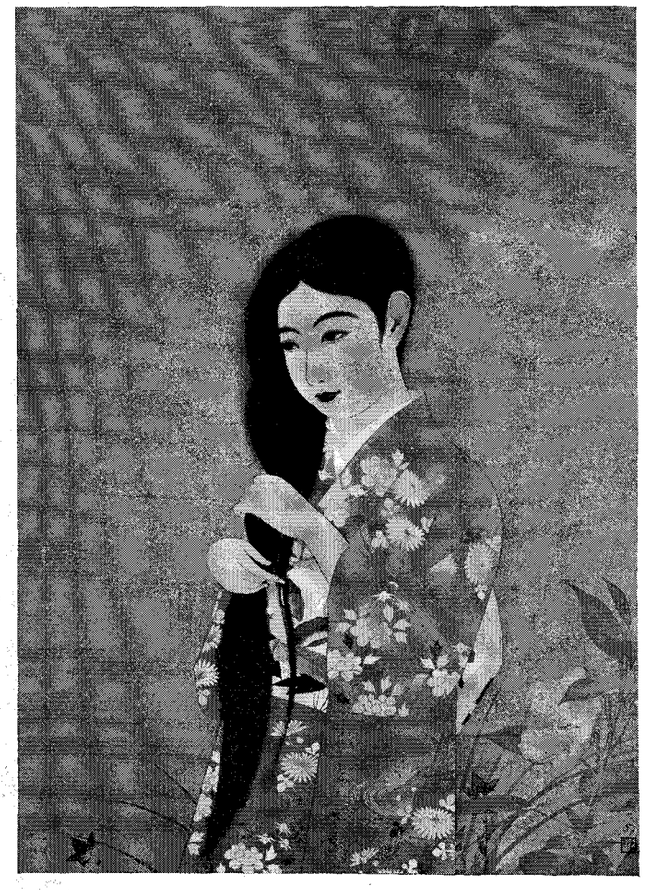
"John Dewey, Edwin Markham, William McDouglass, F. C. S. Schiller, Harold J. Laski, Robert Herrick, Robert Morss Lovett, William Ellery Leonard, Harry Elmer Barnes, Paul H. Douglas, Edward A. Ross, and Paul S. Epstein."

Reviewing Mr. Sinclair's achievement:

"A native of Baltimore, Mr. Sinclair was reared and educated in New York City, and for the last several years has lived in Pasadena. He is fifty-three years old. After a youth of poverty and of unremunerative hack writing, he burst out as the firebrand of American literature, in 1906, with 'The Jungle,' a novel which called attention to cruelties and unhealthful conditions in the Chicago stock-yards, and became an international best-seller.

"His 'King Coal,' which followed a few years later, was a novel based on the Colorado coal strike. 'The Brass Check' was an 'exposure' of the 'capitalist press,' and his 'Boston,' brought out in 1928, vented the author's feelings over the Sacco-Vanzetti affair and the lives of Back Bay residents.

"Between his novels Mr. Sinclair's pen has produced scores of pamphlets, monographs on political, social, and economic questions, and an occasional play. The Provincetown Playhouse produced his 'Singing Jailbirds' in 1928.



"Combing Her Hair"

Daizaburo, the artist, born in Kyoto in 1898, names his picture by the Japanese character "Kami," meaning hair.

"In his own words, Mr. Sinclair, in the last twenty-five years and more, has 'written exclusively in the cause of human welfare.' His autobiography has been listed for publication in the spring."

The Cover

THE cover design this week shows the old fort at English Harbour, Antigua (pronounced Anteega), which is the seat of government for the Leeward Islands Colony of the British West Indies. St. John's is the capital of Antigua and the port of call for steamers to-day, but English Harbour holds much of interest for the tourist, as years ago it was the seat of Britain's naval supremacy in the West Indies.

Here Lords Nelson and Rodney refitted their ships, and the docks, barracks, and yards remain as they were in Nelson's day. Old guns, huge anchors, and chains are left as when the last frigate cleared the harbor.

The artist, William Rigg, of Montreal, was born near Glasgow, Scotland, where he studied at the Glasgow School of Art, winning the traveling scholarship for three years. He painted in Switzerland, Holland, and France.

Mr. Rigg came to Canada in 1912 and when he is not painting he is fishing for trout. In recent years his brush has fallen under the spell of the charms of the British West Indies. Regarding the design of this week's cover, he says:

"Memories of three years in the mud of Flanders attracted me to paint this old fort, so silent and at peace with the world, with its old rust-eaten guns. Long may they rust."

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Church and State at War Again in Mexico

IMAGINE ONE PRIEST ATTENDING to the spiritual needs of a congregation of 50,000 people.

Think of the number of christenings, weddings, and funerals alone at which he would have to officiate, not to mention saying masses for so many.

That, in effect, we are told, is what is required of Roman Catholic clergy in the Federal district in Mexico.

And that is why, after a year and a half of amity, Church and State are at war again just below the Rio Grande. All the good offices of the late Senator Dwight W. Morrow, who helped bring about an agreement between the Mexican Government and the Vatican, when he was Ambassador to Mexico, it is complained, have gone for naught. After having agreed to nationalization of its property and made other concessions, the Roman Catholic Church is again, say its adherents, fighting with its back to the wall, fearing now for its very existence.

Under a new law, which went into effect five days after Christmas, the number of priests in the Federal districts is limited to one in every 50,000 population. This means that only twenty-five priests may officiate in Mexico City, whose population of more than a million is predominantly Roman Catholic. More than 200 of the capital's 244 Catholic churches would be affected by the restrictive statute.

It is an impossible situation, contrary to all law and reason, said Archbishop Pascual Diaz, Indian-born Primate of the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico, and he issued a diocesan edict to the priesthood and laymen in the Federal district instructing them not to recognize or comply with the regulation, but counseling against any resort to violence. Instead, a campaign of passive resistance has been initiated, and clergy and laity are instructed to seek relief by filing "amparos," or injunctions, against the execution of the measure. These injunctions, some of which have already been filed and rejected, are expected to run into the thousands.

Keystone

No Christian Can Accept It

Says Archbishop Pascual Diaz of the new law limiting the number of priests to one for every 50,000 of population in the Federal districts of Mexico. He counsels peaceful resistance.

ON the first Sunday in the New Year many Catholics motored to churches outside the Federal district, where the new law does not apply, while others attended the priestless churches in the capital to pray for a speedy settlement of the new religious controversy.

The new regulation, Jack Starr-Hunt tells us in a cable to the New York *Herald Tribune*, follows in the wake of similar legislation in six Mexican States, and is believed to presage like action in other States. It applies only to the Federal district, composed of the capital and its suburbs and environs, with a population of approximately 1,300,000, and to the territories of Lower California, with a population of less than 100,000. It includes all religious sects, but, when put into practise, will not affect the existing Protestant churches, whose combined membership is said not to exceed 10,000. This, we are told, includes both Mexican and American Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Baptists, and all other Protestant religions.

It was during a wave of resentment against the Roman Catholic Church, according to the United Press, that the Chamber of Deputies enacted the harsh measure. The antireligious feeling even resulted, we read, in the Chamber adopting a bill changing the name of the Mexico City suburb of San Angel to Villa Obregon. It also was responsible for unofficial attempts made throughout Mexico before Christmas to have parents substitute Quetzalcotal, ancient Mexican deity, for Santa Claus.

ACTING on instructions from Archbishop Diaz, the priests suspended services in all churches affected as soon as the law was put into effect. Injunctions were then filed by priests in the six district courts of the Federal district. Then Catholic organizations circulated printed petitions for injunctions to be signed by laymen. These petitions state that the signer, exercising the liberty of conscience stipulated in Article 24 of the Constitution, professes the Roman Catholic faith and that the new law violates his right "because religious liberty recognized by Article 24 not only leaves every one free to profess the religious belief he prefers in a spiritual manner, but recognizes that he may practise in the churches the ceremonies, devotions, and acts of his cult." The petition adds, "The Catholic religion which I profess imposes upon me duties which make it impossible to practise my religion in the restricted manner the law establishes." It is explained, too, why twenty-five priests are physically unable to attend the spiritual needs of the Catholic population of the Federal district.

Neither as private citizen nor as Archbishop of Mexico, says Monsignor Diaz in his diocesan edict, can he accept the provisions of the new law, nor can the Catholic clergy or laity of the Archdiocese of Mexico accept them. He calls upon the priests to remain at their posts, and counsels them and the people to resist the law peacefully.

He goes on to say that the measure does not merit the name of law, that "it is contrary to the 'right reasoning' of which every law should consist," that it is opposed to the teachings of the Church, and, "if it is judged from the revolutionary criterion, it opposes the liberty of conscience guaranteed by the Constitution; therefore, no Christian worthy of the name and no sincere revolutionist can accept the imposition of this mandate."

IT is rather surprizing that, except for *El Nacional*, organ of the National Revolutionary party, not one Mexico City newspaper has commented editorially on the new law. *El Nacional* maintains that the Mexican laws affecting the Church do not violate religious liberty, and says "they are designed, for historical reasons which every one knows, only to regulate the action of the clergy."

Elsewhere the latest restriction receives no sympathy. "As most Mexicans who are religious at all are Roman Catholics, and the people depend on the priests, not merely for religious guidance but for weddings, christenings, and burials," observes

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the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "the quota seems absurd, even if secular interference can be justified." It is maintained further that—

"The steady growth of reckless radicalism in Mexico and some other Latin-American countries is apparent to most observers.

"On the whole, it is regrettable. What these people need most is social order. And throughout the world there is no more reliable agency for the prevention of disorder than the great communion to which the masses in Latin-American lands are still loyal."

THAT one priest should attempt to minister to 50,000 people is manifestly absurd and impossible, points out *The Catholic News* (New York). "Clearly," it says, "here is a violation of a sacred compact by which a guaranty was given that nothing would be done by the Mexican Government to destroy the Catholic Church or interfere with its spiritual functions."

The troubles between Church and State in Mexico, we read in a summary in the New York *Herald Tribune*, go back more than a century. "Since the overthrow of Porfirio Diaz, the dictator, twenty years ago, the policy of successive governments has been increasingly anticlerical."

The newest attack, we are told, seems to have been inspired by the great religious pageants held early in December on the occasion of the four hundredth anniversary of the legendary appearance of the Virgin of Guadalupe, patron saint of the nation, to the Indian, Juan Diego. Anticlerical writers and legislators denounced the pageant as "a heathenish feast," "a gross exploitation of the people of Mexico," "a vulgar farce," and in other similar phrases.

IT is complained that the restriction on the number of priests is a violation of the agreement between the Vatican and the Mexican Government which Ambassador Morrow helped bring about. "Under this agreement," we are informed, "the Church accepted the nationalization of its property and the registration of priests, with the stipulation that the Government would accept the priests appointed by the Church, and would refrain from further interference in religious concerns."

A more drastic restriction was imposed last June in Vera Cruz, which limited the priesthood to the ratio of one for each 100,000 of population. However, we read:

"The Vera Cruz government gradually grew less violent in its attitude. Churches, ordered closed, were reopened, and the Vera Cruz law seemed to be in a state of virtual nullification when the National Congress at Mexico City unexpectedly enacted its drastic legislation against the Church.

"The leaders of the clergy uniformly have taken the stand that legislation of this type is unconstitutional and can not be obeyed, as submission virtually would wipe out the Catholic Church in Mexico. On the other hand, the Bishops steadily have counseled their supporters against violence and against all acts which would increase unnecessarily the bitterness between the Church and its enemies."

Keystone

"Bleating and Whining"

Is Cardinal O'Connell's description of radio crooning, "the meaning of which is a low-down source of sexual influence."

If the "Crooners" Could Hear

WHINERS, SINGING "IMMORAL and imbecile slush."

That is Cardinal O'Connell's short and frank description of radio crooners.

And public comment seems to indicate that if the crooners would sit at their own receivers and let some of the radio audience go to the microphone, they would hear many agreeing that the language of the Cardinal is not too strong and that radio companies would do well to take them off the air.

The Cardinal used plain and vigorous language in his recent address to 1,000 members of the Holy Name Society at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross in Boston. There is no doubt of his disgust.

"You can't help thinking badly of any man who would degrade himself whining in that way about love," he said of crooning. The Boston *Herald* quotes:

"It is a degenerate, low-down sort of an interpretation of love.

"Whining and crying as the singer does, there is no man in America who would not feel disgusted. Oftentimes you go to the radio to find something interesting. I often do when I am tired—and you hear that bleating and whining, with disgusting words, the meaning of which is a low-down source of sexual influence.

"The man who whines that way—well, he just isn't a man. There is no man who would lower himself to such art as that.

"A love song is a beautiful thing in itself, because it typifies human affection of the heart.

"But listen again with this new idea in your head and see if you do not get a sensation of revolting disgust at a man whining a degenerate song, which is unworthy of any American man. But that is what the people have been hearing.

"Instead of hearing good music over the radio we have to put up with verse after verse of this unmoral slush. There is no other word for it.

"It is a sensuous, effeminate, luxurious sort of paganism, with which men of your age may not be influenced, but think of the boys and girls who are brought up with that idea of music."

"Strong language, but not too strong to express the protest that is felt by a large percentage of the people who rely upon the radio for much of their entertainment," comments the Washington *Evening Star* approvingly. "As music it is atrocious. As amusement it is disgusting."

Many radio listeners turn off the "air" when the crooners start their "whining," says this Washington paper, and it utters a warning to the radio companies:

"The combination of poor music, of doubtful moral quality, and the slithering, sliding, lounge-lizard voice of the crooner is anathema to so many that the radio enterprise is just now under an undoubted handicap of unpopularity with enough people to cause the manufacturers and the program promoters to be concerned about their 'unseen audiences.'

"If the snap-offs that mark the silencing of these debasing performers could be heard by the managers of this leading form of public entertainment they would probably quickly come to

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the conclusion that other features should be substituted for the whining insinuators of 'sex appeal.'"

Of course, there are crooners and crooners, remarks the Springfield *Union*. But there is little to be said for the best of them, while "there is scarcely anything which can not and should not be said in wholesale condemnation of many of them. When, in addition to the unmusical character of their entertainment, they resort to vulgar suggestiveness, it is a gratuitous insult to that intelligent portion of the public which rightfully expects a better return for its expensive investment in radio equipment."

This type of "crooner" may have to search far for a friendly voice, for the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* says that the Cardinal's words are "certain to find an echo throughout the country."

Julius Rosenwald

UNDER THAT SIMPLE CAPTION are raised a thousand tributes.

Perhaps no name in recent years has called forth such a spontaneous outburst of eulogy as that which ushers Julius Rosenwald to his reward.

The world was the stage for his benefactions, and the world will remember him, we are told, long after the millions he left to philanthropy have been spent in accordance with his wish. It would require many lines of space merely to list the newspapers which pay him tribute. To list his benefactions would require many more. And to repeat the story of his rise from organ-pumper to merchant prince and philanthropist would be to write another American epic.

It is not so much, then, that Julius Rosenwald returned millions to the society from which he earned it, as the manner of his living and the philosophy of his giving. "Charity," he once said, "is the one pleasure which never wears out," and that sentiment became the ruling passion of his life, and persisted even in his final illness. His chief pride is said to have been the Julius Rosenwald Foundation, which sets aside $35,000,000 for "the well-being of mankind."

It was characteristic of his philosophy, says the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, that in setting up this fund, he stipulated that all the money must be spent within twenty-five years of his death. "Give for the living," he said. "Those who seek by perpetuities to create for themselves a kind of immortality will fail, because no institution can live forever." His wish will be carried out, and the present generation will see that fund exhausted. "But the influence of Mr. Rosenwald's wise generosity," says *The Times-Star*, "will long outlive twenty-five years."

BORN near the spot where Lincoln first saw the day, Mr. Rosenwald rose from humble beginnings to tremendous affluence. Beginning his career as pumper of a church organ in his native Springfield, Illinois, he became a newsboy in the same city, later a clothing clerk in New York, and a manufacturer of men's clothing at twenty-one. He progressed steadily, until he became the directing head of Sears, Roebuck and Company, the great mail-order business, and controlled more than 1 per cent. of all the retail merchandizing in the United States. To put it more graphically, Royal F. Munger tells us in the Chicago *Daily News*, "his annual sales were equal to $15 a family for the entire country."

His millions he regarded as a trust for humanity. His charity, we are reminded, was bounded by neither creed nor color. He was especially interested in Negro education, and, as papers in every Southern State recall with a deep feeling of gratitude, he gave millions for the erection of 5,075 primary and secondary schools for Negroes in the South, and was instrumental in the organization in Chicago of the first Negro Y. M. C. A. He also built a model apartment house in Chicago for Negro use. It was his aspiration, we are constantly reminded, to carry light into dark places, to relieve want wherever it was, and to do all that was in his power to remove racial and religious prejudice.

His other benefactions include large sums for relief in Europe, the establishment of an Industrial Museum for Chicago, which, it is said, will probably be the most important museum of its kind in the world; $2,000,000 for the University of Chicago, which was established under Baptist auspices, and many large sums to the Y. M. H. A., the Y. M. C. A., and the Y. W. C. A, and to Catholic organizations. He contributed a round million dollars at one time to the Ten-Million Dollar Fund for the Relief of Jewish War Sufferers in the shambles of the Eastern Europe war zone. And from President Woodrow Wilson he received a personal letter saying that his gift "lays an obligation even while it furnishes an inspiration."

His remarkable hold on the affections of Americans of every racial origin and of every creed is attested by innumerable editorials. "Simple in life and in manner, with a heart open to every good cause, a citizen who took his public duties seriously, a rich man who felt himself the custodian of wealth which the community had created," says *The Christian Science Monitor*, "the record of Julius Rosenwald is one to awaken new confidence in the possibilities for good in humanity. Indeed, a great man is fallen in Israel."

"The real loss," echoes the Grand Rapids *Press*, "is that of an outstanding personality, molded by American ideals, but also a molder of American ideals." As a Jew he was an example to Christians, and we may conclude with this tribute from the Charleston *News and Courier:*

"Mr. Rosenwald, we say, was no Christian, and whenever we shall have a world without men of his kindness of heart, his catholic belief in the common interest and beauty of all men helping one another, we shall have no Christianity."

Pagan Christmas Cards

MOST of the 1931 Christmas cards might have been designed by the president of the Moscow Society of the Godless, so far as any suggestion of the Nativity is concerned.

Perhaps many who sent and received them will agree with the complaint of the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist), which goes on to tell us:

"One Christmas customer, after examining in vain every design in the stock of one of the largest stationery stores in a great city—not New York—said to the salesgirl: 'I'm really in search of some sentiment appropriate to the birthday of Christ.' She was confused for a moment, and then triumphantly produced a card decorated with holly and mistletoe, and another showing a jolly coachload of rosy-cheeked and red-nosed English holiday-makers, halting at an inn for a change of horses and, perhaps, a drink.

"The would-be customer thanked her as politely as he could, but could not forbear to remark that the buyer for that store had evidently followed the rule of stocking only those cards which would be equally acceptable to Jew, Gentile, or Moslem; in fact, cards which would convey 'the Compliments of the Season' without too clear specification of the Christian significance of the 25th of December.

"Probably such buyers are themselves without religious convictions, and judge the design on esthetic grounds alone, purposely excluding religious sentiment, without which the anniversary is as much Druidic or ancient Roman as Christian.

"To such dealers we commend the experience of the Methodist Book Concern this year, which printed and sold about half a million copies of its lovely Christmas folder, which bore an artistic picture of the Shepherds at the Inn of Bethlehem on the Holy Night. Between the rabbits-and-eggs of the common Easter card and the red candles and poinsettias of Christmas, the younger generation may be pardoned if they form a strange idea of what their parents and teachers mean by the Nativity and the Resurrection."

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

THE world's muddle might be cured by giving attention to satirical verse of this sort in *The New Statesman and Nation* (London):

REALISM—AND REALITY

BY MACFLECKNOE

To me who am, as I've been told,
The most unpractical of dreamers,
'Tis most perplexing to behold
The world as run by hard-faced schemers.
Why *is* e.g., the Kellogg Pact
A "scrap of paper" to the clever;
The Treaty of Versailles a fact
That must, it seems, endure for ever?

Dreamers alone (a dwindling crowd)
Still prate of moral obligations;
Yet realists proclaim aloud
Their "sacred right" to reparations.
When some men starve because they've made
Too many goods, and some through lack of them,
"Horse sense" puts up new bars to trade,
And leaves to dreamers the attack of them.

Since the next war, we're all agreed,
Will be more frightful than the past one
(From which, while still the vanquished bleed
So do the people who at last won),
The crazy mystics plan and scheme
For peace and armament reduction;
The practically minded dream
Of deadlier weapons of destruction.

"The symptoms we must take," insist
The hard-faced men, "just as we find them"—
Leaving the sentimentalist
To search for the disease behind them;
And watching these fantastic tricks,
I sometimes doubt the practicality
Of "realistic politics"
That shut men's eyes to all reality.

IT took four London papers to quote for the newspaper public an early poem of Tennyson. Very early, we take it. These "Early Unpublished Poems" are edited by his grandson, Charles Tennyson (Macmillan). *Public Opinion* (London) presents this:

In his early days Tennyson apparently did not like women, and the poems to Marion, Lisette, and Amy bear proof of this, and Mr. Charles Tennyson says "they are the outcome of an attitude toward women which is antipathetic and appears rather ridiculous to modern ideas."

It is interesting to see how the reviewers have been attracted by the poem on Lisette. *The Daily Express* quotes the opening stanza:

"My light Lisette
Is grave and shrewd,
And half a prude,
And half coquette,
So staid and set,
So terse and trim,
So arch and prim,
Is my Lisette. . . ."

The Morning Post goes on to quote the lines that follow:

"A something settled and precise
Hath made a home in both the eyes
Of my Lisette,
Lives in the little wilful hands,
The little foot that glides and flits,
Braced with dark silken sandalbands,
Even in the coxcomb parrokette
That on the drooping shoulder sits
Of trim Lisette."

A little later come the lines selected by *The News-Chronicle:*

"The cheek with health's close kisses warm,
The finished form so light;
Such fulness in a little form
As satisfies the sight;
The bodice fitted so exact;
The nut-brown tress so crisply curled,
And the whole woman so compact,
Her match is nowhere in the world;
Such knowledge of the modes of life,
And household order such
As might create a perfect wife,
Not careful overmuch;
All these so moved me
When we met,
I would she loved me,
Trim Lisette."

Finally *The Daily Express* quotes the concluding lines:

"What if to-morrow morn I go,
And in an accent clipt and clear
Say some three words within her ear,
I think she would not answer 'No.'
But by the ribbon in her hair,
And those untasted lips, I swear,
I keep some little doubt as yet;
With such an eye
So grave and sly,
Looks my Lisette.
What words may show
The 'Yes,' the 'No'—
Of trim Lisette?
The doubt is less,
Since last we met,
Let it be 'Yes'
My sweet Lisette."

Here are some lines from "Britain," the last poem in the book:

"But that in righteousness thy power
Doth stand, thine Empire on thy word—
In thee no traitor voice is heard
Whatever danger threats the hour!

"God keep thee strong as thou art free,
Free in the freedom of His law,
And brave all wrong to overawe,
Strong in the strength of unity."

That Tennyson showed promise in his early 'teens is made clear, and many will like to see to what extent by getting this unusual book.

AUTUMN is not too far gone for this tender farewell to autumn in the La Porte (Ind.) *Herald-Argus:*

AUTUMN

By W. W. G. (Kingsbury)

Summer storms are hard storms,
Autumn storms are mild;
Summer is a warrior,
Autumn is a child.
Drooling through the forests,
Sobbing o'er the plains,
Comes the muted music
Of the autumn rains.
Summer skies are bright skies,
Autumn skies are lead;
Summer leaves are live leaves,
Autumn leaves are dead.
Skipping o'er the meadows,
Chuckling in the trees;
Flirting with the sunshine,
Romps the autumn breeze.
Autumn suns are shy suns,
Summer suns are bold;
Autumn days are bronze days,
Summer days are gold.
Thrilling with the tonic,
When the days are fair;
How the nostrils dilate,
Drinking autumn air!
Vernal rains, the glad rains,
Come when life is new;
Autumn rains, the sad rains,
Come when life is through.

AN early riser may sometimes inspire a real poem like this in *The English Review:*

SONG

BY F. B. MORTON

The mist rose from the mountain-side,
And dawn came down the sky,
And the rushes they were whispering,
When my love went by.

My love went by St. Mary's Lough
So silently,
No bird moved in the sleeping grass,
Or in the rowan-tree.

Our Lady leaned from Paradise,
Out of the morning sky,
To bless the stony mountain-path
Where my dear love went by.

A CRY of the Puritan heart in the initial number of *Verse Craft* (Emory University, Ga.), by an Alabama poet:

PRISCILLA ALDEN SPEAKS—

BY ESTHER BARRETT ARGO

Look, John, the leaves are turning. It is fall.
Today at dawn, I heard the wild geese call
Their farewell to our marshland's autumn chill.
The sumac and the maples on the hill,
Frost-crimsoned, stand like beacons, and a haze
Half-veils the sun. Dry rustlings stir the maize.
Small, furry, woodland creatures hide and play
Through seed-bent grass . . . . Are we more wise than they?
I cannot tread my wheel! The clacking loom
Stands silent in the dim and shuttered room.
In idleness, I know, temptations lurk,
But, oh, how passing fair God's handiwork!
For just a space, let us forget our duty,
And satisfy our spirits with Earth's beauty!

THE poets are numerous who sing the passing of Vachel Lindsay. Here is one in *The Saturday Review of Literature* (New York):

EAGLE PASSAGE

(In memory of Vachel Lindsay)

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENET

Not the stone now—
For the stone shall be shattered;
Not the earth now—
For the earth shall be shed
As vapor
From wings upthundering,
Strong wings overhead.

Loudly crying
Your challenging cry,
Spirit undying
You take the sky,
Aloft flying
With the flying cloud,
Wild and proud.

Not the head bowed,
But the head lifted
For a banner of beauty to the world unfurled:
Not night on us
But light drifted
From a new world.

Western star,
Blaze bright, blaze high;
Where you are
Only death can die.
O strong wings
That throb forever
Through a golden sky!

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Why the Stammerer Stammers

IT IS BECAUSE HE HAS an unusually quick brain, says Carl Winkler.

Stupid persons rarely stammer.

The stammerer thinks faster than he can talk, and confusion results.

The situation resembles that of one who is learning to drive an automobile. He is too conscious of the mechanism, and that increases the trouble.

Mental education is the remedy, asserts Mr. Winkler. There is nothing the matter with the stammerer's speech organs. Says the New Haven *Register* in an article on Mr. Winkler's theory:

"A survey made by the Board of Education of the City of New York fixes the number of speech-defective children in the elementary grades at 50,000. In the United States, it has been estimated that there are 1,250,000 of the same type, handicapped by a defect that has received but little attention in what its citizens consider one of the most intellectual nations of the earth.

"To show that this is no new affliction brought on by Prohibition or the jazz age, Carl Winkler, of New Haven, who has made a study of voice defects and corrections, goes back to the years B. C. 'Moses,' he says, 'was a stammerer, and so was Demosthenes, the Greek orator.' So you can see that the peoples of the earth have fought against this speech malady for ages and ages.

"What is the cause of stammering and stuttering? An overactive brain is the answer, he believes, in many cases.

"There are nervous shocks, he admits, which may upset the mental equilibrium causing speech defects, but he is inclined to think that these cases are in the minority. 'An active brain,' he says, 'is so far ahead in thought, the speech processes can not keep up with the mental impulses. Therefore, the forcing of the mental impulses through the speech processes in a manner too rapid for the speech equipment to receive them, causes a mental confusion; the mental confusion causes a mental blockade, and the stammer begins.

"'No one need be told that stammering or stuttering are real afflictions,' he warns. 'No one but a stammerer or stutterer knows the mental anguish caused by the impediment. As a child, playing with playmates, in the school-room, at home and through college and then business or social affairs, the affliction follows persistently. The sufferer wakes up with the difficulty and goes to bed with it. Speech impediment is always with him.

"I have seen very few subnormal people who stammer. The average stammerer or stutterer is a very intelligent person. It is usually the unusually intelligent child who stammers or stutters. The adult who stammers or stutters is a bright person, nine times out of ten, and I am inclined to think the average is better than that.

"'When you deal with a person who stammers or stutters, you are up against some real brains. Never consider a person with a speech defect to be a dumbbell. You will be wrong if you do. If the person who stammers were dumb, he would not stammer.'

"He does not wish to imply, he declares, that non-stammerers are mentally deficient; only that the stammerer or stutterer is smart and above the average in intelligence.

"'We are beginning to find out,' he says, 'that stammering and stuttering are mental defects, and that the cure must come through the brain. Stammering and stuttering can develop some complexes. There is the inferiority complex which is prevalent in most cases. Then we have the mother-and-father complex. The teacher-and-playmate complex. And we have a highly strung nervous system to contend with. Then mental make-up of the speech-defective person is many-sided. He is nervous, impressionable, bashful, self-conscious, and sensitive.'"

As to remedies, there are many theories. Some stammering schools teach mind distraction; others have mechanical devices for the mouth. Mr. Winkler declares they can be cured only through mental reeducation, drawing a parallel with the operation of an automobile. To quote further:

"When a person learns to drive a car, he must first make a conscious effort to learn its mechanism. He becomes conscious of the starter, the clutch, brakes, and other parts. Later the operations become automatic, and he does not think of them.

"The stammerer learned incorrectly to operate his voice, and his mental hazards begin. He stuttered on words beginning with B. P. L. M. T. and S. He believed that these sounds were impossible to produce. No one showed him how to pronounce them, and so he stumbled on.

"To correct this, Mr. Winkler believes the process must be reversed. Each defect must be analyzed and the stammerer shown how to make the correction for himself. He wants to know why his lungs lock, if that is the trouble, or why his throat becomes constricted, the tongue stiff, and the lips adhesive. He wants to know conclusively why these happen and the method of correction. He must have no doubts in his mind, otherwise there will never be a correction of his speech defect."

Football Casualties From a Medical Viewpoint

THEY ARE UNNECESSARY AND inexcusable in the view of an editorial writer in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago).

No program of physical culture, he says, calls for a mortality record.

All the advantages gained through such a game as football should be obtained without loss of life. He writes:

"A leading educator remarked several years ago that nothing is more exasperating than to be compelled to witness a great tragedy which we know could be prevented if we could only do the right thing.

"He added that probably physicians in earlier times felt much the same way when they saw their patients die by the scores during some epidemic with which they were powerless to cope.

"Another harrowing challenge, however, presents itself at the very gates of our most distinguished centers of learning, the American schools, colleges, and universities.

"The now closing football season has taken a toll of thirty or more lives in addition to producing injuries the number and consequences of which can not even be conjectured. Each new tragedy or distressing accident arouses nation-wide expressions of sympathy and protest, only to be completely forgotten in the excitement of the next game.

"Football is not a game for the untrained; it calls for strength and courage; its accidents and fatalities need not, however, be inevitable. Those who are devoting their energies to the conservation of life should not sit by listlessly and join in the coaches' lament of 'a sad but inevitable death.'

"We must not condone the reckless disregard of the limitations of human endurance and the return of injured players to the field, all for the glory of Alma Mater and the enjoyment of thousands of holiday seekers in the great stadiums.

"Physical culture and athletic sports are not intended to develop supermen. At the recent White House Conference on Child Health and Protection, Secretary Ray Lyman Wilbur remarked that we want to see our children develop into adult citizens with wholesome bodies and prepared minds, both under the control of the developed will operating in the atmosphere of what we call character.

"Does such a program call for a mortality record incident to the tasks? Surely not!

"The general objectives of a rational plan are to inculcate health habits; to develop the body harmoniously through systematic exercises; to correct physical defects; to form habits of exercise for use in after-school days; to provide situations which will arouse and increase the qualities of courage, fair play, self-sacrifice, and loyalty; and to give instructions in citizenship through leadership and response to commands. We should be able to discover a way by which these aims can be attained without loss of life in our athletic ventures.

"Football has a greater incidence of fatalities and permanent injuries than any other sport. The rules committee may well consider carefully what it can do to lessen the hazards of this game."

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Pointers for Those Who Build

(12) Some Thoughts on Interior Architecture

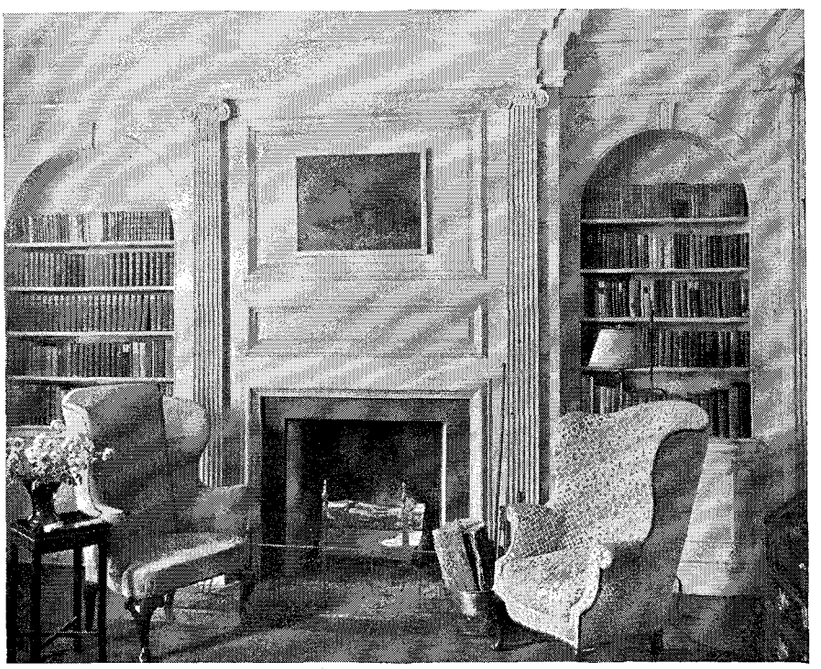
INTERIOR ARCHITECTURE IS THE FORM about which are fashioned the raiment of decoration and furnishing.

It is the foundation of home environment.

More than exterior design it gives expression to our taste, contributes to our comfort and happiness.

Interior architecture includes the inside plans and construction of stairways, walls and ceilings, doors, floors, mantels, window-trim, built-in furniture, such as bookshelves, etc. Writes Julius Gregory in *House and Garden:*

"In every scheme of interior architecture the door has an important place. Nothing about a house is more human, for essentially it permits the comings and goings of humanity. Its location and size as part of a composition, its form and color as related to the design of the room, and its function as a passageway render it a primary object of interest."



Photograph by Samuel H. Gottscho — Edward Shepard Hewitt, Architect

Georgian Grace and Refinement

SUCH conspicuous factors of interior architecture as stairways must harmonize with their surroundings. Thus the Colonial has its graceful curves and slender rails and spindles. The Georgian, French, or Italian lends itself to stone and wrought-iron spindles and wood hand-rails. The Italian is wall-niched with marble and wrought-iron as materials. Tudor calls for straight-ascending or square-turning wood construction. A Spanish house may have tile or brick stairway with metal baluster and rail, while in the French house stone or marble steps with iron, bronze, and gilded rail are appropriate.

Turning from stairs we find that flooring offers possibilities for combining beauty and utility. Says the U. S. Department of Commerce book, "How to Judge a House":

"The most beautiful wood flooring is probably a clear grade of quarter-sawed hardwood, such as white oak, altho plain-sawed material is also attractive and durable.

"Red oak or other lower-priced woods may also be employed. Maple is doubtless the hardest and toughest wood in popular use for flooring, and, in view of the recently available coloring effects, it is widely used. Beech and birch also make excellent hardwood flooring, and are often mixed with maple.

"Quarter-sawed Southern yellow pine and Douglas fir are two popular choices which will last as long as the structure. . . . Edge-grain Western larch and West Coast hemlock are also excellent for flooring."

Complete information and suggestions are obtainable from the Oak Flooring Manufacturers Association of Memphis, Maple Flooring Manufacturers Association, Chicago, the American Walnut Manufacturers Association, Chicago, and the National Lumber Manufacturers Association, Washington, D. C.

Tile and concrete floors offer distinct advantages. "Besides fire-safeness," says the Portland Cement Association, Chicago, of the latter, "their most important merit is that they are entirely free from sagging, deflection, or lateral movement, and consequently minimize plaster cracking on walls and ceilings."

Ceilings and walls are open to infinite variety of harmonious design and materials. Plaster may be molded into cornices, pilasters, etc. Open-beamed ceilings and paneled or wainscoted side-walls offer opportunity to the clever architect. Writes Edward W. Donaldson in *Better Homes and Gardens:*

"By means of its system of divisions, paneling imparts character to a room. One of the advantages of well-disposed paneling is that it can be both a background and a decoration. . . . What composition and framing do for a picture, paneling does for a room."

A PLEASING example is shown in our illustration from "The Personality of a House," by Emily Post. The range of woods for interior trim includes walnut, mahogany, oak, birch, gumwood, poplar, pine, larch, cypress, and redwood, besides a variety of composition materials.

In design and material mantels may not only be features of interior grace but also radiate harmony with their surroundings. Among many valuable materials used in their construction are brick, stone, tile, wood, marble.

Few materials for interior architecture have more diverse uses than tiles. Say the Associated Tile Manufacturers, New York:

"No other material is so economical for a bathroom as ceramic tiles, for no other will last as well. To-day the most modest home can afford this luxury. With ceramic tiles your kitchen can be made one of the most attractive rooms in the house. The sun-room, veranda, porch, or terrace in colorful ceramic tiles gives a very individual touch to any house. The beautiful spotless tile floors of Dutch, Flemish, French, and Old English dining-rooms give us countless examples of the appropriateness and beauty of ceramic tiles for dining-room or breakfast-room. The entrance-hall should be planned to give a first impression of charm and beauty.

"And to do this nothing is more effective than ceramic tiles. A laundry in tiles is strikingly sanitary. Ceramic tiles, being a fire product, seem particularly appropriate for fire-place construction."

THE two general groups of tile are described by Llewellyn Price, writing in *Better Homes and Gardens*, as follows:

"(1) Those of mechanical precision and regularity in appearance and termed dust-prest, and (2) those of craftsmanlike hand-made character, varying slightly and pleasingly from true geometric forms, or plastic.

"Again, tile may be divided into unglazed and glazed groups, and under these headings are both types listed in the foregoing paragraph."

There is a large selection of composition tilelike products within reach of the most limited budgets.

Building hardware, which may be considered as a part of interior architecture, and distinct from decoration and such floor treatments as those provided by linoleum and cork, will be treated in a subsequent article in this series.

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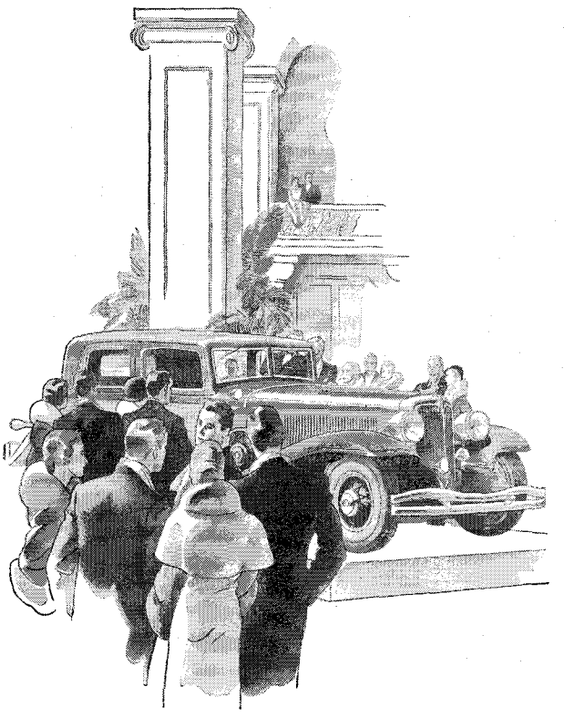

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IS ANY AUTOMOBILE UP-TO-DATE WITHOUT AN

Automatic Clutch?

Completely Automatic. Makes driving supremely simple. Nothing for your left foot to do but be comfortable. You don't have to touch the clutch pedal when starting from a standstill, when changing gears, or even to use reverse. Makes driving easier for everybody. Women particularly enjoy it. The action of this Automatic Clutch is always soft and smooth, *never* jerky.

IS ANY AUTOMOBILE UP-TO-DATE WITHOUT A

Silent Gear Selector?

It isn't gear-*shifting* in a Chrysler any more—it's gear-*selecting.* When you release the accelerator, you move the lever freely into place in any direction without touching the clutch pedal—with the car starting from a standstill or traveling at any speed, or when reversing. It's easy. It's effortless. A child could do it. There is no resistance, no sense of friction. You can move the lever as fast as you like or as slow as you like—backward or forward—*the gears cannot clash.*

IS ANY AUTOMOBILE UP-TO-DATE WITHOUT

Free Wheeling?

Chrysler's Free Wheeling is an entirely separate unit at the rear of the transmission. When you are free-wheeling in a Chrysler, the transmission gears are at a complete standstill, disconnected from both the engine and the rear wheels. This not only provides *real* Free Wheeling, but makes possible the new kind of effortless shifting you enjoy with the Silent Gear Selector.

IS ANY AUTOMOBILE UP-TO-DATE WITHOUT

Hydraulic Brakes?

Chrysler Hydraulic Brakes excel because they are simpler. They have fewer parts. They never need lubrication. They are always *equalized* because they equalize themselves. Quicker stops with greater ease. *Safer* stops because of absolutely equalized pressure on all four wheels. No "side-pull." No swerving. Hydraulic Brakes are used for safety on buses and big trucks. All new taxi-cabs in New York are required by city ordinance to have Hydraulic Brakes. Try Chrysler brakes and you will never want to go back to any other kind.

IS ANY AUTOMOBILE UP-TO-DATE WITHOUT

Centrifuse Brake Drums?

New and larger brake drums of combined steel and cast iron. New type of construction. A steel drum with cast-iron lining—the drum and the lining *permanently* fused together. The combination of steel and iron fused together makes brakes that last longer, remain cooler, retain uniform efficiency—brakes of quick action, soft action, sure action, safe action.

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IS ANY AUTOMOBILE UP-TO-DATE WITHOUT AN

All-Steel Body?

With today's congested traffic conditions, steel motor car bodies are as vital to safety as steel railway coaches. Chrysler steel bodies are of ***all-steel*** construction, rigidly reinforced and welded into one piece—the kind of construction you should have and should ***demand.*** The entire body is sound-insulated. Wide, comfortable seats. Unusual leg-room and head-room. Beautiful upholstery, fixtures and trim. Strength, safety, smartness, luxury—it has them ***all.***

IS ANY AUTOMOBILE UP-TO-DATE WITHOUT A

Double-Drop Girder-Truss Frame?

The modernizing of the motor car has imposed new demands upon automobile frames, as well as other units of the car. Chrysler engineers have developed a frame of entirely new design. It incorporates the Double-Drop feature, permitting a noticeably low, smart and fleet car appearance. By means of the new Girder-Truss construction, two extra steel members parallel the side channels at either side of the engine, giving twofold support and strength. Continuing, these members cross over diagonally and meet the opposite side channels at the rear, forming an amazingly rigid construction. The result is multiplied strength and a stable, distortion-proof foundation for the body.

IS ANY AUTOMOBILE UP-TO-DATE WITHOUT

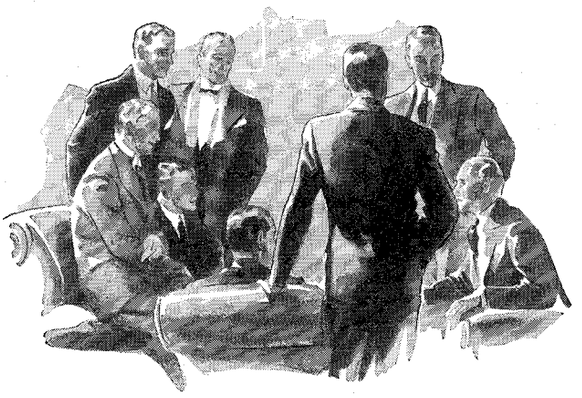
Oilite Squeak-Proof Springs?

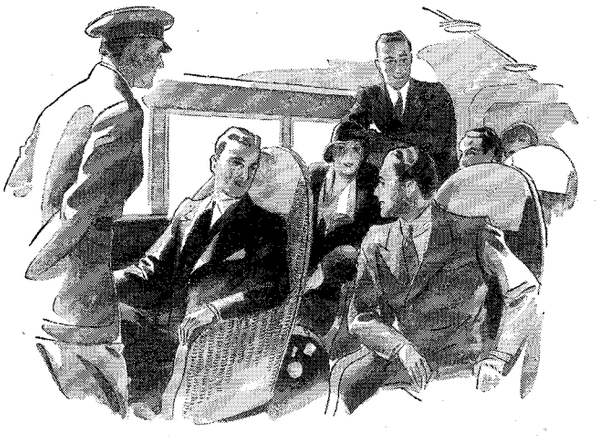
Regardless of mud, snow, ice or dirt, these springs will not squeak. An entirely new patented spring construction. Springs that never need lubrication. The steel leaves of the springs are separated by Oilite—a patented metal that contains its own lubrication. Absence of interleaf friction gives a softer, more restful ride. These great springs are standard on all three new Chrysler Eights.

IS ANY AUTOMOBILE UP-TO-DATE WITHOUT

Effortless Steering?

The new Chryslers steer with a touch. Women especially enjoy Chrysler steering. It not only makes driving easier, but it is so much easier to get in and out of parking spaces. And Chrysler





steering is protected from road-shock. You never "feel the road" through the steering wheel.

IS ANY AUTOMOBILE UP-TO-DATE WITHOUT

Chrysler Speed and Pick-up?

Chrysler cars are more powerful than ever—***faster*** than ever. If you like ***real*** speed—Chrysler has it. You may never care to drive 75—85—90 miles an hour, but the great power that makes these speeds possible makes Chrysler performance, at any speed you choose to drive, the most enjoyable performance under the sun. The speed and pick-up of Floating Power are as delightful as Floating Power smoothness.

IS ANY AUTOMOBILE UP-TO-DATE WITHOUT

All These Other Features?

Besides all its new outstanding superiorities, Chrysler retains the following important ***basic*** features—pioneered or popularized by Chrysler and features of Chrysler cars for years: In the Eights, a 4-speed transmission with internal Dual High Gears; in the Six, a Silent-Second Easy-Shift Transmission; all have the high-compression engine; full force-feed lubrication; ventilated crankcase; aluminum alloy Invar Strut pistons; counterweighted crankshaft; modern fuel system with fuel pump; oil filter; air cleaner and intake silencer; noiseless spring shackles; cowl ventilators; small base wheels and large tires; adjustable front seat; interior sun visors; indirectly lighted instrument panel; treadle-type accelerator—and many other features that add to Chrysler efficiency and Chrysler value.

FOUR COMPLETE LINES—GREAT RANGE OF PRICES . . . 17 BODY MODELS

A new Chrysler Six with an 82-horsepower engine and five body models, $885 to $935 (Automatic Clutch on all Sixes, $8 extra); a new Chrysler Eight with a 100-horsepower engine and four body models, $1435 to $1535; a new Chrysler Imperial Eight with a 125-horsepower engine and two body models, $1925 to $1945; a new Chrysler Imperial Custom Eight with a 125-horsepower engine and six body models, $2895 to $3595. All prices f. o. b. factory. Duplate Safety Plate Glass obtainable on all models at slight extra cost.

CHRYSLER

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American Macaroni

YANKEE DOODLE (says our national ballad) "stuck a feather in his cap, and called it macaroni."

The word here, however, refers not to food but to the Americans' alleged desire to pose as a "sport."

In a more modern sense, however, the food called macaroni is coming to be decidedly a "feather in our cap," for, if we are to believe C. Houston Goudiss, writing in *The Forecast* (New York), its consumption is increasing among us by leaps and bounds.

Courtesy of *The Forecast* (New York)

We Beat the Italians Making Macaroni

That is, we make it better, but they beat us eating it, 13 to 1. Here we see a mighty hydraulic press, operating at a pressure of 4,200 pounds per square inch, molding the macaroni dough.

WE make, he asserts, even better macaroni than the Italians, altho they still eat over thirteen times as much as we do—50 pounds a year per capita, to our 3¾. Still, we have plenty of time to catch up! Writes Mr. Goudiss:

"Macaroni represents one of America's important industries. Italy has long been famous for her macaroni, spaghetti, noodles, and vermicelli, in almost innumerable forms.

"But it really is an adopted food, since Chinese civilization thrived on a form of macaroni long before our Western world was heard of.

"It is a far cry from the macaroni of Italy, made by hand and dried on great racks in the open air, to the modern package macaroni of America, made in sunlit factories by machinery, and packed in sealed containers. To-day, America makes the finest macaroni in the world. And each twenty-four hours the people of the United States consume more than a million and a half pounds.

"The real history of macaroni in America is the story of the C. F. Mueller Company of Jersey City, New Jersey. The founder, Christian F. Mueller, came to this country in 1866, just after the close of the Civil War, to ply his trade as a baker, and he turned his knowledge of baking into the manufacture of home-made German noodles.

"In 1885, this business, started in a private kitchen, had so far outgrown its humble surroundings that a factory became a necessity. In 1894, the first macaroni press was installed, with a daily production of about 500 pounds. The factory to-day has a greater capacity than any other in the country, if not in the world, manufacturing similar products. It covers four acres of ground."

Christian Mueller's son Henry, now head of the firm, is quoted by Mr. Goudiss as follows:

"Macaroni and spaghetti were famous in Italy. Like many other good things, they migrated to America. To-day, America makes better macaroni and spaghetti than Italy has ever seen. It is easy to see the reason why. We have better manufacturing facilities.

"Our sanitary requirements are higher than those in Italy. The high-gluten wheat these foods require is more readily procured here.

"And that is the chief reason why America eats more than a million and a half pounds of macaroni every day. Only a few years ago the United States imported far more macaroni than it exported. In 1929, however, we exported nearly four times as much as we imported."

Mr. Goudiss says in conclusion:

"A notable factor in the growth of the macaroni industry has been the National Macaroni Manufacturers' Association. Formed twenty-eight years ago, the association numbers among its members the leading macaroni manufacturers in the country, and in addition, the leaders in the milling industry, who produce the Durum wheat from which macaroni is made.

"In 1929, our total production of macaroni was estimated by the Department of Commerce at 558,551,993 pounds. Of this amount, 10,740,479 pounds were exported. Taking imports into consideration, there were available for consumption 3.75 pounds per capita.

"The total wholesale value was estimated to be $48,241,242, a sizable sum indeed.

"It is true, however, that there is still room for an almost unlimited increase in the use of macaroni products. In Italy, the per capita consumption amounts to more than fifty pounds annually, as opposed to the three and three-fourths pounds in this country."

The Color Scheme of a Factory

IT SHOULD BE RESTFUL BUT NOT too gay—certainly not drab and depressing, avers *The Iron Age* (New York).

The U. S. Department of Commerce, it tells us, has just brought together scores of instances where industrial firms have been maintaining or increasing sales volume or profits, by means of this kind.

In one case, which *The Age* is unable to approve, a manufacturer of high-grade shoes attributes recent success to a prismatic color scheme of interior decoration. To quote a bulletin issued by the Bureau:

"This concern, to maintain pay-rolls, painted the machines, equipment, and inside of its plant, and used gay, bright, and, where moving machinery was concerned, contrasting colors.

"All the colors of the rainbow were used.

"Employees took pride in voluntarily keeping clean the machines, floors, and the immediate surroundings. The surprizing result of this effort to provide work was that it became an important factor in the profitable operation of the business, because:

"1. Eye-strain was eliminated, resulting in: (*a*) Amount of rejected products and damaged materials reduced to an insignificant minimum. (*b*) Older employees able to compete with younger hands and brighter eyes, both in quantity and quality of workmanship. (*c*) No reportable accidents for nine months.

"2. Fatigue and nerve tension were eliminated.

"3. Morale was improved. Better attitude toward work, in keeping with the general brightness and cheer of surroundings.

"4. The sales force has been affected by the high-quality spirit of the production department and has successfully sold this quality factor.

"5. Of increased advertising by employees, visitors, and editors."

Commenting on this, the *Age* editor notes that the sight of men and women working in the midst of harlequin color, still and moving, would appear one of confusion and bewilderment. It would seem difficult to concentrate upon work. The operative may be pleasantly entertained and good cheer may prevail. But not many manufacturers, he thinks, will be favorably imprest by the plan.

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Let Him Hear

MANY a bright child is unjustly blamed for dullness because he cannot hear what his teacher says. She may not know that his hearing is defective.

There are hundreds of thousands of such children in school now. If their ears are neglected, they will probably repeat grades much more often than other children.

Any school which is equipped with a phonograph audiometer can discover its hard of hearing children, a large proportion of whom can be saved from lifelong deafness provided they receive expert care and attention.

Common colds, especially when involving the nasal sinuses, are a frequent cause of deafness. Noses should be blown gently, or infected mucus may be forced through the tubes into the middle ear and cause deafness.

After an attack of measles, diphtheria, scarlet fever, meningitis or infantile paralysis, the ears should be examined to see if any condition which might cause deafness remains in the tubes leading to the ears. Diseased tonsils, adenoids, or running ears often lead to deafness. Undernourishment may have a definite relation to impairment of hearing.

For more than 12 years a national service organization has been warning against quack remedies and giving information concerning hearing aids, vocational and employment problems, hearing tests for children and lip reading instruction.

It has also assisted in forming local leagues for the deafened which have helped thousands to readjust their lives. Many of these leagues have auditorium earphone sets, amplified radios and demonstrations of standard hearing aids.

It is prepared to help those who have few social contacts and who are isolated in small villages and remote places. If you have any sort of hearing problem which you long to talk over with some one who will listen—and understand—write enclosing a self-addressed envelope to the American Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing, Inc., 1537—35th Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

There are millions of adults in the United States whose ear troubles were neglected in their childhood, or later, and who are now permanently deafened. Their number cannot be known since many of them are so reticent, so sensitive about their handicap that they make every effort to conceal it.

With increasing deafness, year after year, there often comes to the hard of hearing a feeling that there is a constantly growing barrier—an invisible wall—between themselves and their fellows.

Deafened persons are often persuaded to buy worthless devices and nostrums which do more harm than good. The victims suffer in silence.

However, there are scientifically constructed instruments which amplify sound and do aid impaired hearing. Ear specialists can advise regarding them.

But when all scientific aids to hearing fail, lip reading offers a rescue to old and young. It should be an essential part of the education of every child whose hearing is impaired. Much of the deafness among adults, now incurable, could have been prevented if the cause had been detected and properly treated during childhood.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Russian Youngsters at Work and Play

WHEN THE RUSSIAN *ALICE* came to the Soviet Wonderland she found ballrooms "filled with untold riches" turned to kindergartens—

Rooms whose walls were paneled with amber. Parquet floors of pink and black palmwood and mother-of-pearl.

Rooms lined with gold-framed mirrors that now reflect the drab clothing of *Alice* and her young companions instead of the brocades and jewels of the aristocrats of an earlier day.

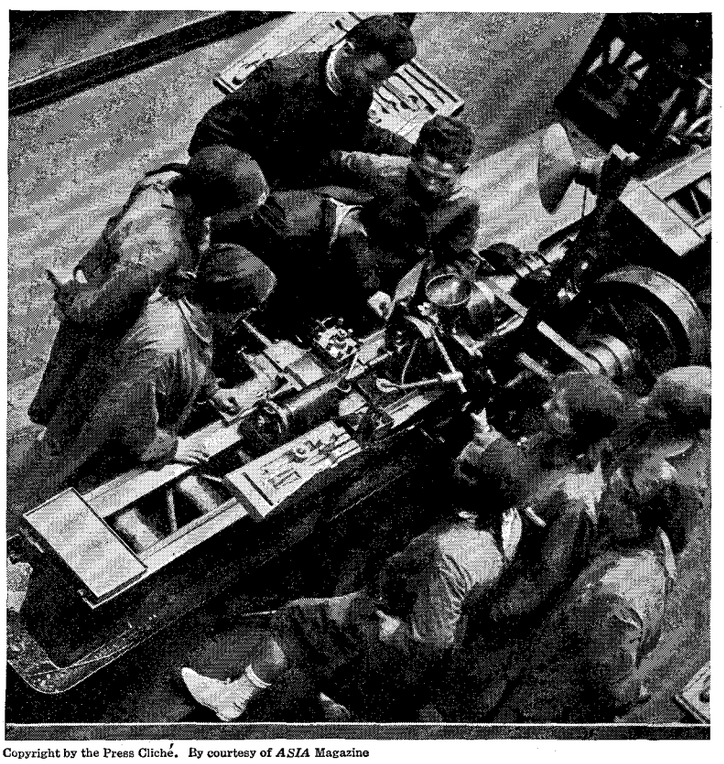
Rooms whose magnificence takes the breath of the questing tourist.

For palaces are turned over to workers in this "new" land where, as William Henry Chamberlin tells us in *Asia*, there is no unemployment problem.

Through the tall French windows can be glimpsed the sweeping velvety lawn of a huge park, "kept in the order of a ballroom," to quote the American traveler, Stoddard. Here, according to Vera Edelstadt, in *Travel*, is "a holiday crowd of working people stretched on the grass, basking in the sun, or playing games with their children."

Particularly, it is emphasized, "playing games with their children."

In Russia they have turned ballrooms, indoor and outdoor, into kindergartens.



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The Machine is a Powerful Magnet to Eager Young Soviet Workers, Who Make of Each Factory a Training School

Tsarskoye Syelo (the Czar's Village), known as the Versailles of Russia, where the late Imperial Family had its summer home, is now, we read, Dyetskoye Syelo—Children's Village.

"Especially in the summer it is gay with their activities," we read. "Former palaces and villas are now museums, schools, and sanitariums; and children are to be seen everywhere, even in the great Palace of Catherine, which has been preserved intact with all its riches."

Miss Edelstadt is concerned chiefly with cultural, recreational, and recuperative efforts on behalf of children, telling us, as we have seen, how huge luxurious palaces of the old régime are being used for their benefit.

There is, however, another side to the picture: What Russia is doing to prepare her children for workaday jobs in the future.

The nation's vocational training projects are described in part by Mr. Chamberlin in *Asia*. Mr. Chamberlin writes on a subject of unusual interest to present-day Americans, "How Soviet Russia Abolished Unemployment," saying:

At the present stage of development there are more jobs than there are people to fill them.

Moscow is the only large capital in the world where advertisements for engineers, bookkeepers, teachers, skilled and unskilled laborers far exceed in number the proffers of people seeking work. There are no waiting lines before the labor exchanges in the Soviet Union.

But, if one goes out into a district where there are surplus peasant hands, one is quite likely to find a furious competition in progress between labor-recruiting agents sent out by the coal industry, the timber industry, the peat industry, and such big new construction enterprises as the Magnitogorsk steel plant and the Dnieprostroy hydro-electric plant, all eager to sign up as many laborers as they can obtain.

THE youth of the nation is one of the main sources from which the labor army is recruited, according to Mr. Chamberlin, who continues:

The Union of Communist Youth, which now reckons 5,000,000 members, has dispatched many of them to "the industrial front," to use an expression that is much in vogue in present-day Russia.

Membership in this organization is voluntary, but obedience of members to the orders of its constituted authorities is compulsory, on pain of ignominious expulsion.

When I visited the Stalingrad tractor factory in the summer of 1930, I found that most of the 10,000 workers who were employed at that time were Young Communists, sent by their local organizations from all over the country.

In a completely different part of the country, in the timber camps of Karelia, I met a group of Young Communists, students from Leningrad, who had obeyed the call to suspend their studies and help with the wood-cutting program.

So there is a nation-wide drive to realize Stalin's slogan, "Master technique!" It takes the form of a scheme of vocational education that stretches from the child in elementary school to the middle-aged peasant or housewife who may be taking on a factory job for the first time.

Every school is now supposed to be attached to a factory, where the pupils take regular training, which is linked up, so far as possible, with their courses of study. Education beyond the elementary grades tends to become narrowly practical and specialized, with the objective of turning out as many graduates with definite vocational training as possible.

MISS EDELSTADT watched a group of peasant boys and girls in a museum—once a palace—in Kiev. They were not awed, this writer tells us in *Travel*, "by the beautiful low building, which spread proud as a peacock in its magnificent old park where winding roads are shaded by ancient oaks, willows, and Japanese evergreens still exuding a feudal atmosphere, nor by the grandiose sweep of the staircase as they hurried up the stairs. They saw no fantoms of regal ladies and courtly princes, as we did." Indeed, we are told:

They hardly stopt to consider the significance of the newly painted proletarian emblems, the hammer and sickle, decorating a lofty ceiling from which hung an elaborate golden chandelier of a different era.

Taking the new ownership as a matter of course, they went straight for the machines. New tools and modern agricultural machinery absorbed all their attention. They handled them, pulled levers, discust their merits, and saw the advantages, which the guide pointed out, of large collective farms that made it possible to have all the necessary equipment for modern farming, large scale.

Their excitement was reserved for the displays that filled the

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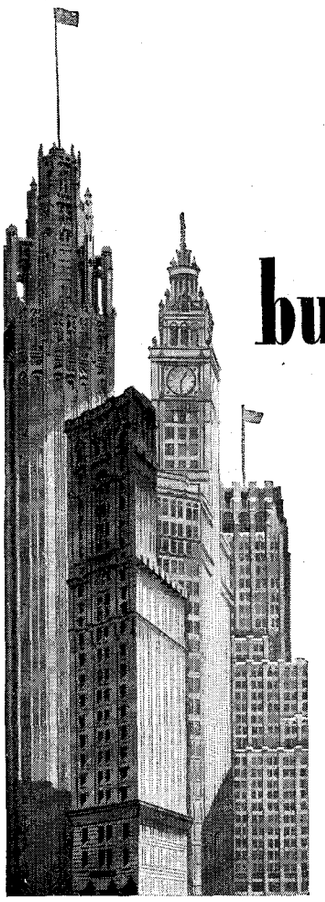
TOWERS built upon pennies



SHEER, shining, triumphant, they rise above the city streets . . . these lofty towers reared on fortunes created by pennies . . . these monuments to the power of small, accumulated things.

In lower Manhattan a tower built with telephone nickels rises four-square above the river. In Chicago a modern office building paid for with chewing gum lifts its gleaming facade above the lake. At Forty-second Street . . . and again on Michigan Boulevard . . . shafts like sentinels mark the homes of two great newspapers.

Each of these towers is the symbol of an organization, a business, an institution. Each testifies to the force of an ancient truth—that leadership can marshal from scattered and apparently insignificant sources a formidable concentration of power.

The economic basis of these three businesses is Number. In numbers there is strength. There are over 120,000,000 people in this country. If you could sell each of them five cents' worth of merchandise once a year, you would have a $6,000,000 business. If you could sell five cents' worth daily to every man, woman and child in the New York metropolitan buying area alone, you would have a business of $500,000 a day, or $180,000,000 yearly.

Ambitious man's opportunity today is not in new land and fresh supplies of raw materials but in *people*—ever-hungry, ever-consuming people.

* * *

Advertising is an implement to deal with numbers. N. W. Ayer & Son have been using it for 62 years in behalf of clients, to stimulate markets, to influence buying habits, to control public opinion.

Experience and study have given us knowledge of people. We know where they live, how they live and what they like. We know how much money they have to spend in any given corner of the United States and what they are likely to spend it for. We know where you can sell brown eggs and where white ones are demanded, where they like their sausage in links and where they like it in cakes. We know that one sex prefers peppermint, and the other likes wintergreen better.

From such humble facts as these, buttressed by knowledge of markets, merchandising, sales methods and media, good advertising is made. For underneath all the science of its management, advertising is the simple business of persuading human beings to think something . . . do something . . . buy something. Multiply by thousands or by millions . . . it is still a job of appealing to people.

N. W. AYER & SON INC

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS
PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK BOSTON
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
DETROIT LONDON

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great halls. Here, in room after room, were miniature but complete models of various factories with all the machinery running. They were electrically operated and could be stopt and started again with the pushing of a button.

The children prest their noses against the glass to watch the entire process of manufacturing paper, yeast, leather, china, and other products of factories newly built or modernized.

De Cou photograph from Ewing Galloway

Children of the People Sport in the Palace Courtyard, Once Sacred to Imperial Catherine

When the children came to the trays of live silkworms feeding on mulberry leaves, they asked the man in charge so many questions about their care that you would suppose they intended raising some at once. But they showed the same interest over the displays of various woods and veneers and modern furniture.

"Wandering from the oldest part of the great park in Dyetskoye Syelo," says this writer elsewhere in her article, "with its swan pond and its statues, its grottoes and its arches, I crossed a quaint Chinese bridge leading to the Chinese Village." Reading on:

Here I met some children hurrying "to the theater." They graciously invited me to come along, explaining that the Pioneers were going to give a performance at the Chinese Theater—a theater, they said, built by the Czarina Catherine for her grandson, Alexander I.

Altho we arrive early, the theater is already filled, the youthful audience clapping impatiently. The Chinese interior is a veritable little jewel-box of the East. The horseshoe of loges entirely tufted in brocades, the twisted columns with their grotesquely sculptured heads of Chinamen, the dragons and bells and bright beads overhead are a maze of richly blended colors.

The royal box at the back of the theater is like a jewel set in a magnificent crown. The painted curtain transports you to a place where quaint gondolas float down a canal in a land of castles. Row upon row of costly Sheraton chairs, whose white brocaded seats once came into contact only with equally rich fabrics, now hold the small, simply drest little forms of an eager audience.

Other glimpses of Russian children—and adults—enjoying holidays in these luxurious new surroundings are offered by Miss Edelstadt in *Travel*. The Soviet, she assures us, "treats her children with seriousness. She really needs their help; she appeals to them for cooperation; and they respond with all the earnestness and enthusiasm of youth." Further:

But she also gives a great deal to her children. Witness another palatial building just across the street from this palace. It was once the Building for the Administration of the Czar's Estates, but has since passed through many hands during revolution and counter-revolution. A bullet-scarred wall marks the spot where early Bolsheviks were lined up and shot by the staff of the Galician Army; beside it is the common grave of four hundred revolutionists. Soon after the Bolshevik party had seized the reins of government, even before they were firmly seated in the saddle, during the strenuous period of famine, they spared money for the equipment of this building as a hospital for crippled children.

Old Russia was rich in palaces and castles, built for the few, and well-guarded. To-day, as sanitariums and museums, they are enjoyed by an endless stream of workers and peasants. Merely as magnificent edifices these places are worth visiting, but add the human element and they become fascinating to the traveler, native or foreign.

The Crimea alone has an amazing number of such places, for the royalty and nobility chose this region as one of the world's most delightful spots, and built many palatial residences here.

To be in this garden spot is to understand why nobles chose to build their castles here in such large numbers; and it is equally easy to understand why Soviet Russia has transformed those large buildings into museums, hospitals, sanitariums and rest-houses for her workers and peasants, and turned the region into a great health resort.

Perhaps the most attractive of the castles, and the one that offers the most dramatic contrast of new and old Russia, is the Summer Palace which the late Czar had built for himself, in 1911, at Livadia. The southern slope of Mogabi, just before it dips into the Black Sea, juts out into a dais for this glistening pile of white granite which Krasnov wrought in the style of the Italian Renaissance.

It can be seen, even from afar, glistening like a stately jewel against the dark-green background of its park. In its gardens are ancient treasures—Moorish fountains, a Roman well, a marble fountain smuggled from the ruins of Pompeii a century ago. The interior is also reminiscent of different cultures. Of the two inner courts, one is Moorish and the other is a replica of the Monastery Court at St. Marks in Florence; the palace church is Moscovite in design.

All Russians love to "go places," this writer continues, and now many of them are having their first chance in this direction.

Reading on:

You see them sleeping on their bundles on the floor, waiting sometimes for several days to get on a train or boat. At the opera

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A Study of Russian Childhood: These Soviet Schoolboys are About to Tackle Carpentry

in Moscow I sat next to a picturesque woman from a remote tribe of the Caucasian mountains; during the intermission she went naively to examine that mysterious thing—the orchestra. In the Crimea I saw a man, from the factories of Moscow, just as mystified as the woman at the opera, when he gazed for the first time at the sea and the mountains. These two are typical of a whole new mass of travelers.

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He Cashes Crashes

THE pilot crawled out of the cockpit of his wrecked plane. He felt himself gingerly, and inspected the remains of his aircraft.

It stood, H. H. Dunn tells us in a copyrighted article in the Washington *Post* Magazine, on a badly smashed nose "leaning on one crumpled wing against a bare shoulder of a mountain wall, fifty miles from Los Angeles."

After the pilot had completed his rueful inspection, he decided to salvage what he could from the wreck. He "shook his head, took his water-can and food-kit from the cockpit, and, after an hour's walk reached a forest-ranger's cabin."

There he telephoned to Los Angeles, according to Mr. Dunn. In an hour, a slightly larger plane "flew along the mountainside, circled over the wreck, and landed, a couple of miles below, on an open space at the base of the mountain.

"Up the trail, on foot, his belt strung with emergency tools, came a man in the early thirties.

"He met the pilot of the crashed plane, walked back to the wreck with him, and looked it over with the experienced eye of an aviation mechanic."

"Three hundred is the best I can do," he said, at length. "If I didn't have to spend about as much more in getting it out, I could pay better. Here, where she is, that's all."

The "junkman of the air" had arrived. He is Arrigo Balboni, and "he operates a junkyard for airplanes, where every flyer's crash is his cash." Reading on:

This unique industry grew overnight out of Balboni's own misfortune, when, as a wandering stunt-flyer, he crashed his plane in Southern California.

All his capital was tied up in this machine. He offered the wreck for sale for $150, but found no takers.

Then he made a tour of flying-fields, selling a part here and a piece of equipment there—until, in a few days, he found that he had sold virtually all that was valuable in the "old crate" for a total of more than $300, double the price he had asked for the entire wreck.

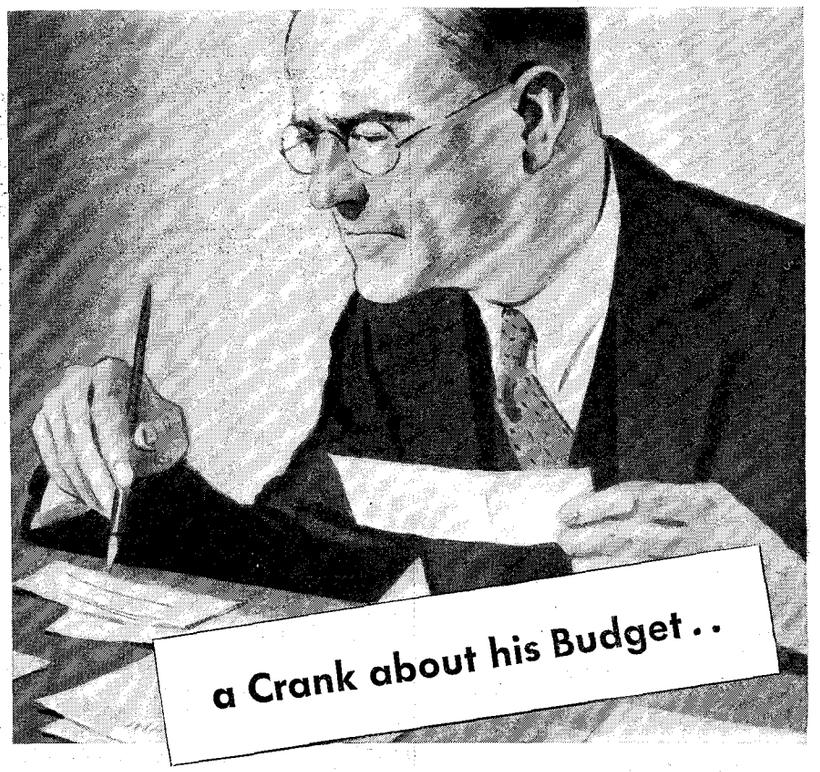
Thereupon, Balboni, with small capital, but considerable knowledge of airplanes and their parts, stept into an entirely new branch of the junk business. First of all, he bought about an acre of ground. Then he took what capital he had left and bought himself the wreck of an airplane.

He found a man who wanted valves, another who needed a propeller, a third who could use an altimeter, and so on, until he had sold everything except the framework, and this he unloaded on the general junkman to be remelted.

To buy cracked-up planes, of course, Balboni had to have a wide knowledge of just what price each part would bring in the limited market for used-airplane equipment.

He had to be able to estimate just how good, or how bad, was every important bit of a plane which had crashed. Some smashed planes he bought in almost

WHAT A FOOL HE IS!



. . . careless of his GUMS

and he has "pink tooth brush"!

TAKE your budget as seriously as you please! But you should take your *gums* just as seriously—or *more* seriously!

When you were a child, your gums were hard. But to stay hard and healthy, gums need stimulation. And the soft foods of today don't *give* it to them!

Your gums don't get enough exercise. They have become lazy, touchy, tender. And unless you're luckier than *most* people of this day, you have "pink tooth brush."

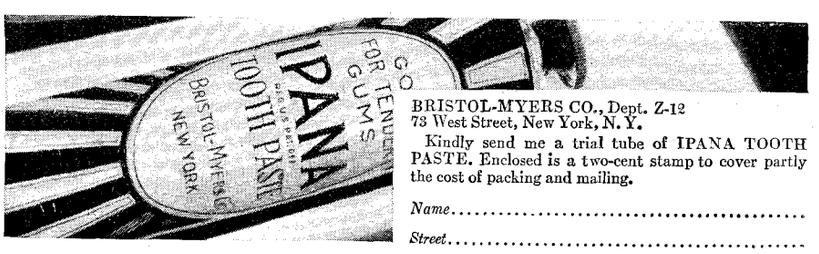
And "pink tooth brush" is nothing to be careless about. It can lead to gingivitis, pyorrhea, Vincent's disease. It may endanger the soundness of your teeth.

Even if your gums *haven't* reached the "pink tooth brush" stage, you'd better start hardening them back to health.

Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it twice a day. But each time, put a little *more* Ipana on your brush and massage it right into your gums. Leave it there. Ziratol—the toning agent in Ipana—acts more effectively when you leave it on the gums.

In a few days your teeth will begin to whiten and brighten. In a month your gums will be firmer. Use Ipana with massage regularly—and you won't be bothered with "pink tooth brush!"

A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST, IS NEVER A LUXURY



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Z-12
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

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8-Year-Old Son Teaches Father To Enjoy Pipe

Presents Him New Brand of Tobacco as Birthday Gift

Elmer C. Burg's eight-year-old son was puzzled to know what to do to remember his Dad's birthday. But an advertisement for Edgeworth tobacco offering a free sample solved his problem.

The advertisement seemed to convince the young lad that here was something his Dad would appreciate—and on his birthday morning Mr. Burg was presented with a sample package of Edgeworth. Just how much Mr. Burg appreciated this gift can best be judged by his letter.

Hamilton, Ohio
May 6, 1931

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

Regarding the sample of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco that you mailed to me, I wish to thank you for your kindness and say that I enjoyed the smoke and since have purchased more.

My eight-year-old son clipped your coupon and gave me the tobacco on my birthday. He said that after he read the advertisement he thought I would like to smoke a tobacco that was as good as you described Edgeworth to be.

Well, he certainly hit the nail on the head. And you are to be congratulated on an advertisement that would attract the attention of an eight-year-old boy who has the interests of his Dad at heart.

Sincerely yours,
Elmer C. Burg

Any advertisement that "sells" an eight-year-old boy *must* be convincing—but there certainly was more truth than fiction in it, for Mr. Burg has been a confirmed Edgeworth fan since his birthday gift.

If you are a pipe smoker and don't know Edgeworth, you should try it. *You're* pretty sure to like it *too*. Why not see for yourself?

Your name and address, sent to Larus & Brother Co. at 102 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., will bring you a generous sample packet of Edgeworth. If you get the smoking enjoyment out of it that most men do, you can be sure of finding the same fine quality in the Edgeworth you buy at any tobacco store, for Edgeworth quality is always the same.

You can buy it in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes from the 15-cent pocket package to the pound humidor tin. And, by the way, you'll enjoy listening to the Dixie Spiritual Singers as they sing in the Edgeworth Factory over the N.B.C. Blue Network every Thursday evening.

inaccessible places; many cost him more to get to his yard than he paid their owners.

Still, he managed to make a profit out of his business.

For Balboni, in addition to doing all his own estimating, buying and selling, does his own cutting up and much of the reconditioning of airplane motors, the only equipment which he repairs.

And gradually he found time to develop new markets.

The motion-pictures took many of his parts, and not a few of the planes which have been used for crashes in aviation pictures were "rebuilts" from parts supplied by Balboni.

Huge "bombers" and other fighting planes have been reconstructed from his junkyard, only to be destroyed later to make a few feet of film.

Representatives from a small Central American republic came to him to buy enough parts, motors and all, to build four planes for the training of its aviators.

These reconstructed planes are still in service over the jungles of Latin America.

ONE man, we read on, bought a whole plane, of somewhat romantic history, and had Balboni ground it, in the new owner's back yard, to form a club-house for his young son and his playmates. This gave the flying junkman another idea, outlined thus:

He began saving small parts of historic planes which came his way, tagging them properly, and placing them in bins.

Souvenir-hunters came to buy, and today, no small part of Balboni's business is in these mementoes of the "flying finishes" of ships to which romantic interest attaches.

Many technical high schools teach their pupils to build airplanes and gliders as part of their class work.

Balboni hunted out this market and has sold innumerable parts to such schools.

Engineering instructors interested in demonstrating to their pupils the stress and strain endured by metals in flight or in long falls send to him for pieces of metal which have undergone specific strains, and he has never failed to supply what was wanted.

Motors, of course, form the most valuable part of the aerial junk which Balboni buys. Those which are hopelessly wrecked often go to colleges and laboratories for study by research workers.

Those which can be repaired are put back into service by Balboni or, occasionally, are sold to men who, themselves, wish the pleasure of putting them back in running order.

The "rebuilts" which Balboni has sold have gone into other airplanes, into motorboats, into shallow-draft boats to be driven by airplane propellers, and into ice-boats and ice-sleds, also driven by airplane propellers.

The demand for hard-to-get parts at low prices continued to grow.

The flying junkman found himself with a demand rapidly outgrowing the supply.

So he started buying the stocks of defunct air transport companies, old planes from amateur flyers who wished new ones, and eventually even buying from the Government such stocks of parts as had been replaced with equipment of other design.

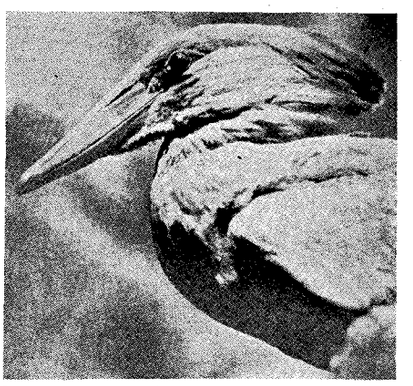
Tho he started in his unique business only a little more than four years ago, requests for airplane parts now come to this aerial junkman from all over the country.

The Bird of Ill Omen That Is Feared as a Witch

A "WILD, clanging call" disturbed the winter dusk in Natal. A moment before quiet had lain like a coverlet over the darkening South African landscape.

The world "seemed at peace." There were no sharp calls of alarm, writes Raymond B. Cowles in *Nature Magazine*. "The hawks had declared a temporary truce, and the owls had not yet started on their evening hunts. Even the quarrelsome Drongo shrikes were quietly preening on the bare, dead branches of a wild fig-tree."

Into this quiet interlude, we read, there suddenly broke the call that echoed up



Courtesy of *Nature Magazine*

Ill-Omened Tegwane Has a Mean and Glittering Eye

and down the cliffs along the river and stopt as suddenly as it had started. This eerie, frightening cry "was the call of the 'hammerhead stork,' and at the head of a silvery pool" the bird "stood quietly gazing down into water that mirrored in black on silver the dull-brown motionless form."

The "hammerhead stork" is not really a stork, we are assured. It is a storklike bird, sometimes called the hammerkop, about the size of the raven, and of dull brown plumage. It is feared and respected by the African natives as a bird of ill omen, and many of them seem to regard it as a metamorphosed witch.

For several minutes the bird which Mr. Cowles was observing "made no move except to turn its head from side to side as tho studying its reflection. Then apparently dissatisfied with the spot as a fishing place, it walked up the bank with an awkward strutting gait.

"It stopt to preen and rearrange a few feathers, then, looking up, it suddenly showed interest, and once more gave forth its cry, greeting a second member of its race." Reading on:

Both birds loitered on the bank in the gathering dusk, soon only indistinct brown shadows in the darkness. Suddenly one of the birds, as if at last deciding to do some work, reached down, picked up a six-inch length of driftwood, and flew directly to the top of a mass of débris seemingly

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entangled in the fork of a large thorn-tree that leaned out over the river.

The second bird followed, and as the first dropt its stick, both birds commenced to clamor loudly. For a few minutes both flapped their wings and bowed and minced about in antics entirely unexpected in so homely and decorous a bird. It was the courtship dance, not often seen, because usually performed late in the day or early in the morning. It sometimes takes place during the bright daytime, because I have heard the same excited clamoring then.

After the brief courtship performance had been completed, both birds proceeded to rearrange the sticks on which they stood, picking them up at random and dropping them again without apparent meaning or order.

Finally, one of the birds took wing, flew directly away from the tree, then turned back and darted downward to swoop sharply up and seemingly dive into the middle of the pile of driftwood.

The secret was out. Altho it was a pile of driftwood, it was not there by chance. No summer freshets or floods could have drifted such a mass of material into place so firmly. Each stick, reed, or ancient corncob had been tucked in place, and, together, a pair of birds about the size of ravens had stacked up those bushels of rubbish.

The nest measured twelve feet in circumference, horizontally and vertically, and it was so strong that a heavy man could walk back and forth across it with no danger of doing damage.

THE bird that had entered "plunged into a round tunnel leading up to the center of the pile of sticks," continues the writer. Then:

It crawled forward into a chamber just large enough to permit it to stand erect and move about upon its "knees." The inner surface showed care in construction. The sides and bottom of the nest, composed of sticks and twigs, were nicely made, smoothed off and chinked with mud and other débris. There were three white eggs streaked with mud and partly trodden into the floor. In fact they looked as tho they might have been there far too long to be meddled with in safety.

Next morning we went down to the nest once more, this time photographically minded. The Zulu who went along to cut a path and help in setting up the blind was cheerful as only a Zulu can be. He strode along the game path as tho he knew of no such thing as fear, but from a bend in the stream he sighted the nest ahead and halted abruptly.

"We had better cross here and follow the other bank," he said.

"Why?" I demanded.

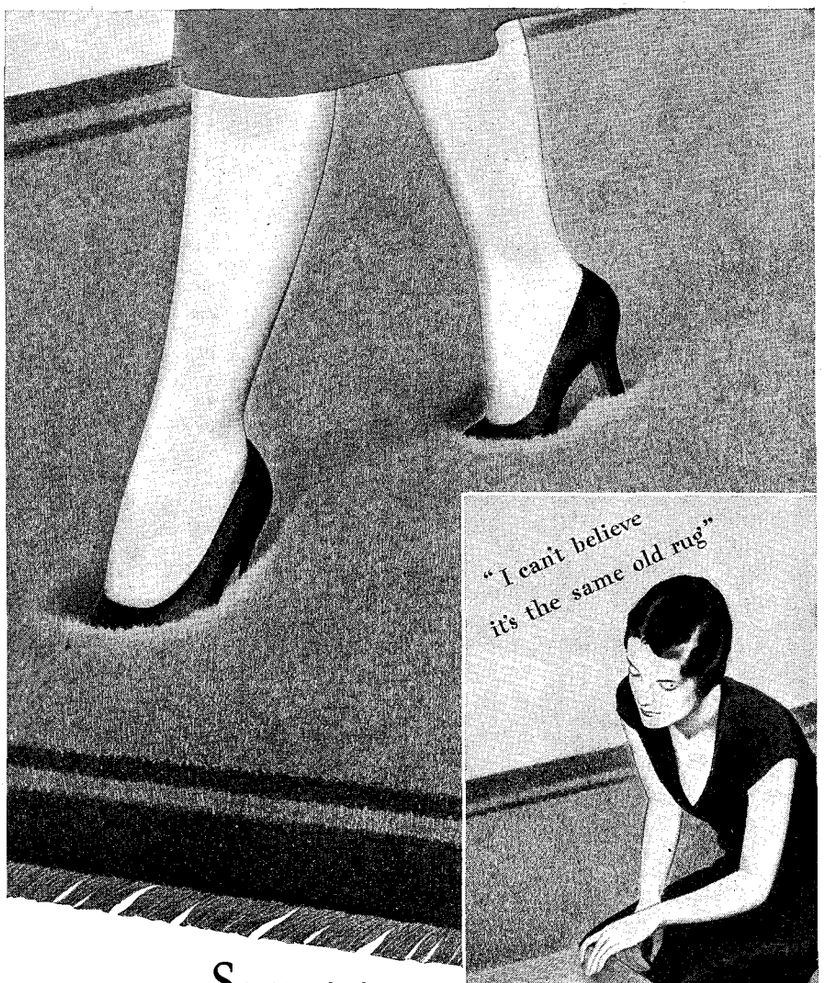
"Do you see that nest up there? That is the nest of U Tegwane, a witch," he replied.

No amount of persuasion or offer of rewards could induce the man to go closer.

In spite of these dire predictions I climbed the tree, and, true to his word, the old Zulu refused to help and refused to look. At last, hearing me at work examining the nest, he exprest his disgust with a clucking grunt, rose, and stalked silently off into the bush and up the hill.

The birds left the vicinity of the nest silently. They indicated no alarm or displeasure, even tho the complement of eggs had been laid and were being incubated. There was never any display of emotion, even later when the young were nearly ready to leave the nest.

"Ozite made even our old rugs *so soft*...we seem to sink into them ankle-deep"



SOFT and "downy" underfoot—rugs that yesterday were thin and ordinary. Family and friends notice the change at once. And husbands bless the quiet that Ozite brings.

All without really *costing* you a penny—because Ozite pays for itself by DOUBLING THE LIFE OF YOUR RUGS.

Really, now, can YOU afford to ignore this saving and this luxury? You can telephone your nearest store for Ozite Rug Cushions. Or send the coupon for free sample.

Ozite is made of HAIR by exclusive processes. Don't deprive yourself of Ozite's advantages by accepting something "like" it. Look for the name impressed on every square yard of the genuine Rug Cushion. Ozite is MOTH-PROOF. GUARANTEED to satisfy you!

Ozite
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
RUG CUSHION
There is only one "Ozite"—Look for this trade-mark!

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE!

CLINTON CARPET COMPANY LD132
Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

Please send small sample of Ozite Rug Cushion and your free booklet, "Facts You Should Know About the Care of Rugs and Carpets"... including information on stain removal.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

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The Baronet Who Bewildered a Prairie Town

HAIR GRAYING AT THE TEMPLES. A friendly smile in shy, appealing eyes.

A quiet air of enjoying life in his own retiring but not unsociable way.

Thus "Richard" Wolseley is described by those who came to know him when he first drifted into Waterloo, Iowa, fourteen years ago.

Quite a humble person, willing to work, hired to do odd jobs for a while, and at length engaged as elevator man in the Black Hawk Bank building. There he remained until the other day, making many friends.

In fact, practically everybody in Waterloo knew "Dick" Wolseley, and nobody had the slightest idea that he was neither "Dick," nor "Richard," but Reginald Beatty Wolseley, cousin of Sir Capel Charles Wolseley, Bart., whose baronetcy he was to inherit at Sir Capel's death in 1923.

After that, had the elevator-man's friends happened to look up the various Wolseleys in the British Who's Who, or in Burke's-Peerage and Baronetage, they would have found Sir Reginald listed as the tenth baronet of his line. Moreover in Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes, they would have found Sir Reginald's address in the corn-belt town where he lived so contentedly. Here is the entry:

Wolseley, sir Reginald Beatty, 10 bart. (1744), s. of late Cadwallader Brooke Wolseley, M. D., of Dublin, and cousin of 9 bart. (*d.* 1923); *b.* 1872; *educ.* Bedford Modern Sch.; Black Hawk Bank bldg. Waterloo, Iowa, U. S. A.

Acme

"Once Aboard the Lugger": Here Lady Wolseley and Her Baronet are Homeward Bound.

BUT, altho that information was in print for years, nobody in Waterloo spotted it until after that thriving capital of Black Hawk County had been thrown into successive spasms of excitement by the discovery of Sir Reginald, followed by his marriage, his divorce, his remarriage, and all the other alarms and excursions leading up to his giving up his job and accompanying Lady Wolseley, his triumphant bride, to England.

There Sir Reginald is looking for a job, according to an International News cable from Liverpool, where he and his bride had just landed from the *Baltic*. The baronet desires to work in a library, according to this correspondent, who adds:

"He's fed up with calling floors for indecisive elevator riders."

The whole episode made so much stir across the corn belt that the Kansas City *Star* sent one of its high-powered special writers to the Iowa town to see what all the shootin' was about. This trained observer, A. B. Macdonald, treats the whole imbroglio as a first-class mystery story in real life. He writes:

I have been visiting the English baronet, Sir Reginald Beatty Wolseley, and his bride, Lady Marion Elizabeth Baker Wolseley, in the two little shabby rooms in which he "batched it" for years while he was running the elevator in the Black Hawk building here.

All one day I tried to get at the bottom of the mysteries that lie behind their strange marriage.

Who is this woman from England, educated, cultured, seemingly a woman of "quality"?

Why did she come here and marry him, in the first place, nineteen months ago, and on her wedding-day start back to England again, leaving him here to continue operating the elevator as he had done for thirteen years?

Why did he divorce her?

Why did his sister in England, whom he had not seen for thirty-seven years, send him a cablegram early this month warning him to "Beware of that woman"?

Why did "that woman" come again from England, without his knowledge, appearing unannounced at his elevator cage two weeks ago, and surprizing him so that he almost fainted?

By what strange power did she induce him to have his divorce from her set aside and take her as his wife again, and bid good-by to the friends he had made here in the last thirteen years, and start with her back to England and his ancestral titles and honors?

ANSWERS to all these questions "are not obtainable here," writes the Kansas City *Star* man under a Waterloo date-line. "They lie far away, somewhere in a remote corner of England."

Then Mr. Macdonald tells the story of how "Dick" Wolseley came to Waterloo, and continues:

One peculiar habit of his was to don his one tailor-made suit each Sunday evening and dine alone at the largest hotel here.

He would walk into the dining-room, amid the élite of Waterloo, who were wont to dine there on Sunday evenings, take his place at a table, alone, and eat a six-course dinner.

All the rest of the week he cooked his own meals on a gas-plate, and ate them in solitude.

And then, one morning in May, 1930, Mr. Burritt, city editor of Waterloo's daily paper, *The Courier*, was startled by the appearance before him of a woman, who, speaking with an English accent, introduced herself as Miss Marion Elizabeth Baker. She told him she was going to be married the next morning, and asked him to please "keep it out of the paper."

"May I ask to whom you are going to be married?" inquired Mr. Burritt.

"I am going to marry Sir Reginald Beatty Wolseley," she answered.

"Is he here, too; did he come with you?"

"Oh, he lives here, at 210½ West Fourth Street," she said.

AT this, we are told, Mr. Burritt squinted one eye shut in deep thought. He recalled his old acquaintance, Dick Wolseley, who lived at that address, and he asked:

"Is Sir Reginald Wolseley connected in any way with Dick Wolseley, the elevator man?"

"Oh, my dear Mr. Editor, he is the same man, but pray, do not mention it at all."

But that was too much to ask of a newspaper, and so Monday morning *The Courier* announced that after the services in the St. Mark's Episcopal Church, the morning before, Miss Marian Elizabeth Baker of Brixham, England, had been married by the rector to Sir Reginald Beatty Wolseley, baronet, cousin of Admiral Beatty of the British Navy, and a kinsman of the late Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley.

Sir Reginald, it was explained, was none other than "Dick" Wolseley, the elevator man, known to every one in Waterloo.

And Lady Wolseley had departed at once after the wedding for her home in England.

Last September, four months later, Wolseley was granted a divorce from Lady Wolseley on the grounds of desertion and cruelty.

On the morning of December 15, when Sir Reginald dropt his elevator down to the first floor and opened the cage door, Mr. Macdonald relates:

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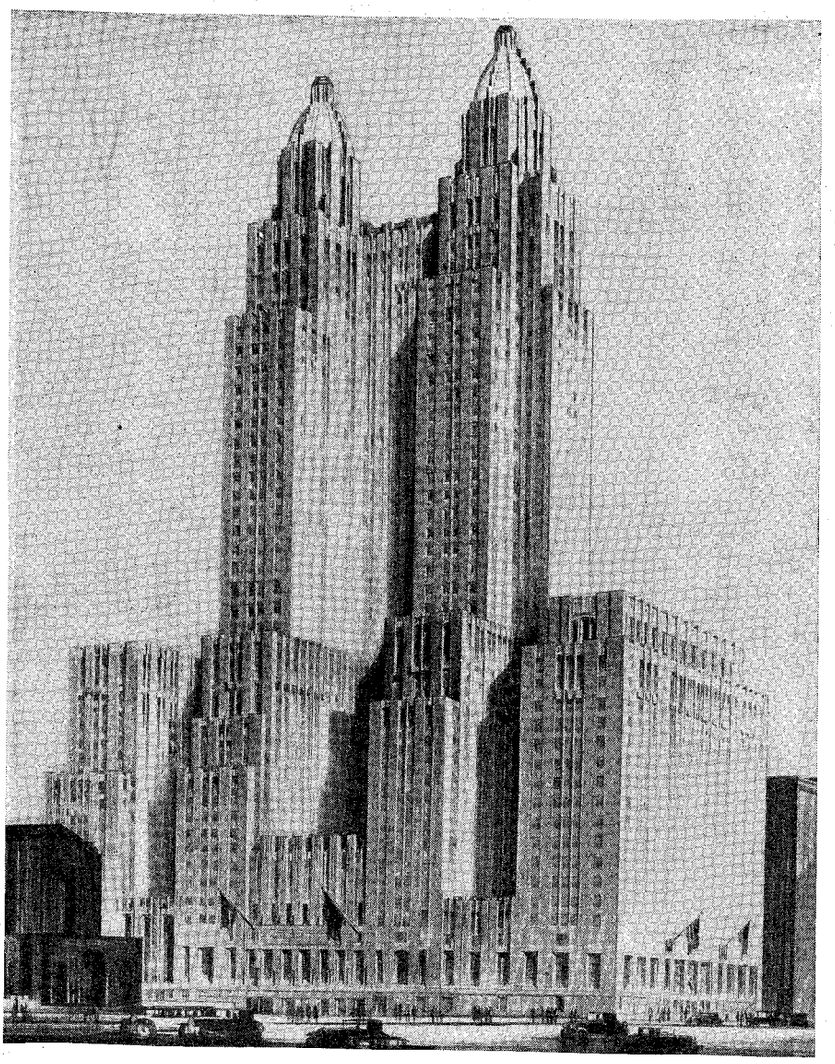
LUXURY-LIVING...

with a thought for THRIFT



With all its new-day services, facilities, comforts and luxuries, The Waldorf-Astoria's prices are keyed to present-day ideas of thrift:

★ Single rooms, with bath, from $6 the day.

★ Double rooms, with twin beds and bath, from $9.

★ Suites of two rooms or more, including unusual living rooms and boudoir-baths, at correspondingly attractive rates.

★ Four restaurants, offering menus that carry on the Waldorf tradition of good living...but at frugal prices.

Truly, The Waldorf-Astoria combines a new-day grace in the art of living... with the present-day thought for thrift.

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

PARK AVENUE · 49TH TO 50TH STREETS · NEW YORK

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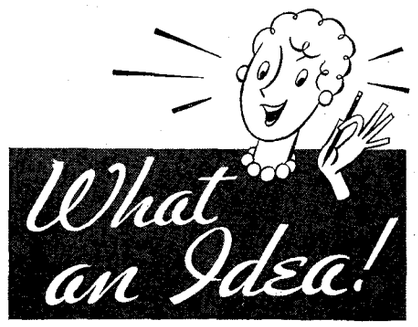

What an Idea!

DICK: *Say, Joe, you ought to buy an encyclopaedia for the kids now that they're going to school.*

JOE: *Nothing doing! Let them use a pencil same as I did!*

WHERE'S EVERYONE?

It's a question quickly answered if the family's trained to jot down all comings and goings as members leave the house. A pad and a Velvet Pencil on a table near the door make message-trading easy.

MYSTERY in the Shipping Room!

Sam, the Shipping Clerk, has a mystery on his hands. WHAT—he asks WHAT—becomes of those American CARBON pencils. Sherlock the SLEUTH says he knows—SH! Whisper! They find their way back to the big chief's desk. He swipes 'em cause he likes to make those BIG BLACK MARKS!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Absolutely Unique

Yes, folks, step right up and see the marvel of the century! Unique is its name—and it *is* Unique—this new thin-lead colored pencil. And why? Becuz: You can sharpen it to a fine needle point like any good black lead pencil. Becuz: You can have your choice of 24 colors—count 'em—24! Becuz: All 24 colors write fast, smooth and nice—and you can erase if you want to. Who uses Unique Pencils? Accountants, architects, artists, engineers—and anyone who wants to make interlinear notations, mark school papers, color maps, check or okay orders, add color to sketches—and so on into the night. So step right up, ladies and gentlemen, and see Unique Thin-Lead Colored Pencils at your nearest stationer's.

A "VENUS" PENCIL FACTORY PRODUCT

UNIQUE THIN-LEAD COLORED PENCILS

24 DIFFERENT COLORS 10c each

There stood her ladyship, all smiles, and with a "Merry Christmas, Sir Reginald" on her lips.

As her ladyship stept into Dick's elevator and threw her arms around his neck and tried to kiss him, he screamed.

Three barbers and one drug clerk rushed out into the hall and saw the struggle, and from them I get that part of the story.

From that occurrence, onward, the chronology of the case, as registered in first-page stories in *The Courier*, goes like this:

December 15 to December 22: Her ladyship remains a guest of the President hotel, making frequent sallies forth to ride up and down in the elevator with Dick, arguing with him, talking tenderly, trying to persuade him to take her back as his wife, and return with her to England.

Tuesday, December 22: *The Courier* prints an interview with him in which he reiterates his determination to stand out against her.

Wednesday, December 23: Sir Reginald fails to appear on his job. Tenants say: "Wish he would go back to England or somewhere. The way he shoots this elevator up and down, our lives are in danger." All the town is watching the struggle between Sir Reginald and Her Ladyship, "eating up" what the *Courier* reporters write about it.

Thursday, December 24: Dick comes back to his elevator job. "I wanted to be free for a day to think things over by myself; I've decided to stay right here and Her Ladyship can go back to England alone," he asserts.

Friday, December 25: Christmas Day: "The Lady wins," announces *The Courier* in screaming head-lines. Sir Reginald, moved by the spirit and good cheer of Christmas, becomes reconciled, takes Her Ladyship to his arms; she moves her baggage into his rooms and they announce they are going back to England together just as soon as the details can be arranged.

Saturday, December 26: Sir Reginald retains a lawyer to have his divorce set aside.

Sunday, December 27: Sir Reginald and his bride go on a honeymoon trip by bus to Cedar Rapids, and attend church in the morning. Returning in the afternoon, Sir Reginald takes his bride with him to his usual dinner in the big hotel, and the townspeople, watching, discover that her table manners are as correct as his.

Monday, December 28: The divorce is set aside.

Tuesday, December 29: *The Courier* announces that invitations to luncheons and dinners and receptions, from the best families in Waterloo, are pouring in upon Sir Reginald and Lady Wolseley in such a torrent that only a very few of the most select can be accepted.

MR. MACDONALD reports this bit of conversation with Lady Wolseley:

I asked her who she was, and she said: "I preach the Gospel of Christ; that is my calling."

"Of what Church are you a member?"

"Christ's Church that lives in the hearts of men and women."

"What denomination?"

"I am a child of God. The British Government sent me into the trenches in France during the war, and under my preaching thousands were converted. I have preached over all the British Isles, and many have been swept into the Kingdom."

Lady Wolseley scouted the idea that she had married Sir Reginald for the advantage of the title "Lady" in her evangelistic work. The *Star* writer quotes her:

"I am not a nobody. My father had an income of 6,000 pounds ($30,000) a year. That is my brother's photograph on the table before you, John Baker, lecturer on law in Cambridge University, and legal adviser to the Naval Munitions Department during the war.

"My family and the mother of Sir Reginald were intimate friends. We were all very devout. His mother worried because he had gone off to America. The dream of her life was to get him to return. But he would not.

"I was with her in her last illness. On her deathbed she made me promise to come to America and marry him and bring him back to England. She left me a legacy with which to pay my expenses.

"In fulfilment of that promise I came to America and married him, and I returned immediately to England to get him a job and to make a home for both of us. He promised to come as soon as I had done that.

"You must understand that there is no estate to Sir Reginald's baronetcy. The estate was originally in County Carlow, Ireland, but it was squandered by one of his ancestors, and all was lost. His title is an empty one, so far as money goes, so, in planning to take him back to England, I had to provide for him.

"I did get him a good position in a government library, and my brother bought for us a quaint and beautiful cottage in North Devonshire, that had been built in 1633, and had great beamed ceilings, and he furnished it. But still Sir Reginald would not come to me.

"Then he obtained that divorce, and that nearly ruined me. You, in America, where divorce is so easy and so common, can not imagine how a divorced woman is ostracized in England. The news of the divorce was published over all England, and the doors of the churches were closed to me. Christian people would not come to hear a divorced woman preach.

"So I came again to America and, to stop the tongues from wagging, I had that divorce set aside, and we are going back to England as husband and wife. I have a home for him, and I will get a position for him, and I will take care of him because I love him, and because it is the will of God that I should do this.

"Think of him," she said, while he was out on an errand. "Working here as a lift man on a mere pittance and consorting with drinking companions, and he a member of one of the oldest families of the British nobility.

"He is a direct descendant of William the Conqueror by his queen, Matilda, and from Geoffrey de Say, one of the thirty-five barons of the Magna Carta, and from Alfred the Great, and Charlemagne. Oh, you seem to doubt that. Well, I shall convince you," and she went to her trunk and got out the documents.

ONE of these documents, Mr. Macdonald testifies, was an official statement from the registrar of the British baronetage in London, certifying that Sir Reginald was a baronet, and giving his pedigree. There was another official document, he adds, which traced the family tree back to William the Conqueror, Alfred the Great, "and others."

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Dimming the Diamond Sparklers

"CLARA! Where's my fountain pen?" The Ruths were up and astir earlier than usual, Rud Rennie writes in the New York *Herald Tribune* in one of his intimate pen-pictures of the Home Run King *en famille*.

The Babe's new contract with the New York Yankees arrived first thing in the morning. Before breakfast Mrs. Ruth and

International

"What Does a Guy Have to Do in This League to Satisfy People?"

Julia and Dorothy knew that "Fadder" had been tendered a contract calling for $70,000 for one year instead of the $80,000 which has been his salary for the last two years.

Mrs. Ruth, "in pale green crêpe pajamas and a green silk kimono, rushed through a door into the living-room in answer to the Babe's call for a fountain pen, an expression of concern upon her face."

"My goodness, Babe!" she exclaimed, according to Mr. Rennie's account. "Are you going to sign it?"

"Hell, no," boomed the Babe. "But I gotta have a pen to send it back, don't I?"

And back went the Babe's contract to the Yankees, and Babe joined the holdout army just as he did two years ago.

Holdouts in major leagues seem to be unusually numerous this year. Baseball magnates are talking economy, and high salaries paid to players, of which Ruth is the outstanding example, seem to be due for a trimming. Reports to the Associated Press indicate that the sixteen major-league teams will save about a million dollars in 1932 on players' salaries. The situation, of course, is extremely fluid, changing from day to day. But as we write, Ruth is the most celebrated. Next comes Bill Terry of the Giants, who has been shaved down, says *The Herald Tribune*, from $24,000 to $15,000. Then there are Hack Wilson, Dazzy Vance, Babe Herman, Glenn Wright, Johnny Frederick, and Melvin Ott,

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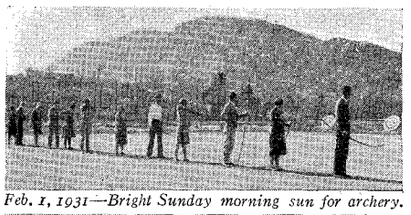
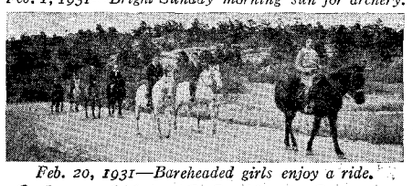


Feb. 1, 1931—Bright Sunday morning sun for archery.



Feb. 20, 1931—Bareheaded girls enjoy a ride.

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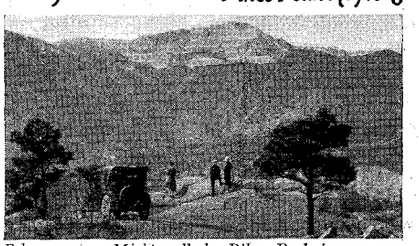

Feb. 4, 1931—Might well be Pikes Peak in summer.

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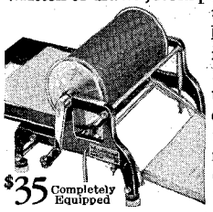

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HEYER ROTARY **LETTERGRAPH**

who have figured in one way or another in the salary discussions.

"Deflation," writes F. C. Lane, in *Baseball Magazine*, "is the spirit of the times. Major-league baseball, which has been far less affected by the almost universal depression than most industries, has nevertheless suffered a lessening of income. This lessening of income last year amounted to several hundred thousand dollars. The trend of baseball prosperity is no longer up. It is down. And lessening revenues must be offset by diminished expenditures."

The situation recalls to Joe Vila, in the New York *Sun*, "a similar state of affairs in the days when the Federal League flourished, briefly but spectacularly. However, at that time the players had the upper hand and bludgeoned salary increases out of their employers with a threat to jump to the Feds unless their demands were met. This time the club owners have much the better of the controversy, for if the players are not satisfied, there isn't much they can do about it except to remain at their homes and give their attention to some other form of endeavor. Jobs being scarce, finding something to keep themselves occupied and the larder filled might be more than a trifle difficult."

Meanwhile the players are thinking long, long financial thoughts. Let us return to Mr. Rennie's description in *The Herald Tribune* of the breakfast scene in the Ruth ménage:

"What's the address of that place, anyway?" asks the Babe.

"What place?"

"The Yankee office. It's on Forty-second Street somewhere, but what's the address?"

"Fifty-five," said Mrs. Ruth. "West," she added, for the sake of accuracy.

"Maybe I'd better typewrite it," said the Babe.

"Maybe you'd better have your breakfast first," suggested Mrs. Ruth.

The Babe had seated himself in the huge armchair near the window.

"What does a guy have to do in this league to satisfy people?" he asked. "I hit forty-six home runs and led the league along with Gehrig. I'm second in the league with a batting average of .373. I have a swell season, and I am asked to take a $10,000 cut."

He snorted like a proud but wounded monarch.

"If I'd had a bad season," he continued, "I'd expect a cut. But I had one of the best years I've ever had, and I think I'm worth $80,000 to the Yankees. Where's the fountain pen? . . . They oughta inclose return envelops with these things."

"It's not fair," agreed Mrs. Ruth. "But before you do anything else come and have breakfast."

"What have we got?" asked the Babe.

"Ham steak."

"Ham steak," echoed the Babe, rising and loosening the sash of his olive-green gown. "Gee, that reminds me, I gotta get out of here and play golf."

Presently, at the long table:

"You know," said the Babe, rather indistinctly because of the piece of ham he was masticating, "I'd sign for $70,000 if they'd give me a two-year contract.

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Seventy thousand. That's not bad. . . . Pass the rolls, Clara. . . . It might be worse. . . . Now, if that was a two-year contract, I'd sign it. But for one year, no. If anybody else had the year I had last year, they'd get a raise. They certainly wouldn't get a cut. Why should I take a cut? Eighty thousand for one year or seventy thousand a year for two years, that's what I want. . . . Put another hunka ham over here, Clara. I gotta send that contract back and get outta here. I gotta play golf. . . . Can you imagine weather like this in January? . . . Where's that fountain pen, Clara?"

ONE thing is sure, "the golden age of baseball opulence and extravagance and unwise expenditure has definitely ended," according to Mr. Lane in *Baseball Magazine*. He continues:

Babe, more than any other man, raised the big-league wage scale and charted the route to high salaries.

Moreover, Babe Ruth, in the opinions of wise baseball men, has earned his prodigious salary more than any other player.

But Babe has passed his prime. His star act has become a trifle stale. He is a veteran in age and in years of service. He can hardly stand the grind of 154 games. More and more frequently he is obliged to retire because of injuries. He has slowed up noticeably in the field. His future is a great uncertainty.

Ruth is "the logical storm-center of this new era, because Ruth has been the great comparison to which all other players pointed when they discust contracts for themselves. 'I may not be a drawing-card like him, but I'm worth half as much, quarter as much, one-fifth as much.' So ran the arguments."

"The cold economics of the salary cuts instituted by the big-league baseball magnates indicate that Colonel Ruppert's 12½ per cent. reduction of Babe Ruth's stipend is fair enough, but that Charlie Stoneham's 40 per cent. operation on Bill Terry's annual check is somewhat drastic," according to a New York *Daily News* writer, who continues:

According to the Colonel, the receipts for his club fell off from 12 to 15 per cent. last year, and there is no reason to expect anything better for the next campaign. Babe's cut of $10,000 from his $80,000 grab is in line with those figures, and it is assumed that other Yankee salaries will be cut along the same general lines.

From the squawks which came from complacent Freddy Fitzsimmons and the placid Mel Ott it is probable that the reduction in their pay was also fairly heavy, possibly approaching the same 40 per cent. which was handed to Bill. If the receipts for the Giants also were off 40 per cent. last year, that would be what the economic professors call distributive justice.

But the figures indicate that the decrease in receipts for the National League last year, and for the Giants in particular, were also about 10 to 15 per cent.

His Modest Bit.—HOUSEWIFE (to hobo)—"You here again? Well, I've nothing for you. I don't believe you've done a thing this winter."

HOBO—"Yer wrong, me lady. I just done thirty days."—*Boston Transcript.*

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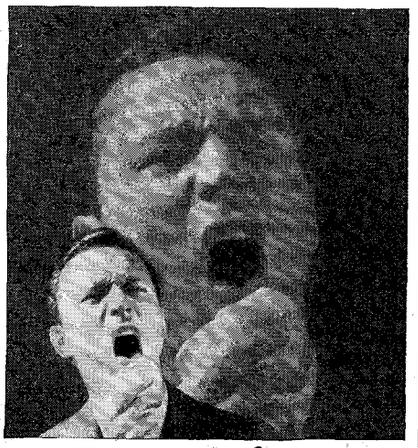

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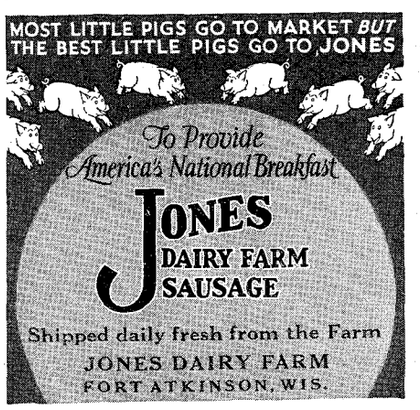
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Admiral Rodman's Sea-Going Bird Dog, and His Training

DON the sea-dog got his land legs in *no time.*

It was the young Gordon setter's first real hunt. There had been plenty of play hunts on shipboard, but this was the real thing.

A likely looking bit of ptarmigan ground along the Alaskan coast. No sooner had the party started through the coastal flats, we read in an article by William H. Hobson in *Field and Stream*, than Don cast off like an old timer. He suddenly paused a moment and began to make game, while his owner, that gallant naval officer, Hugh Rodman, who was to rise one day to the rank of Admiral, and to cut a handsome figure in the World War, watched with more than ordinary interest.

He had cause to watch, for Don's hunting training had been given to him on shipboard.

"Look at him!" exclaimed Rodman's companion, Ensign (now Captain) Clarence S. Kempff.

Don, according to Mr. Hobson's direct quotation of Admiral Rodman, "crept forward a few yards along a game trail, and suddenly froze into a point that would have warmed the cockles of any dog fancier's heart. Sure enough, it was a ptarmigan! Don stood steady to shot, which he had been taught to do aboard ship; and when I said 'Fetch!' he raced forward and retrieved that dead bird as if he'd been doing it all his life."

Mr. Hobson's account of Admiral Rodman as a dog lover includes "experiences with his many hunting dogs, which accompanied him ashore and afloat for almost half a century." There were many of these dogs, but the best of them was Don, to whose story we shall come presently.

BUT first Mr. Hobson tells us how the Admiral trained dogs on shipboard, giving us, in *Field and Stream*, the naval officer's own words.

"Throughout my active service in the Navy," says the Admiral "I usually kept at least a couple of bird dogs. He adds in explanation:

I found out that there is no better place to train a young dog than on board ship. You have him there, completely under your control at all hours.

Starting out with a puppy, I'd use a low stool upon which I'd make him sit while I gave him orders. Perched up on a stool, with his mind focused, he soon realized that he was there for a purpose—to understand and execute my orders.

Using a moderately toned voice always, I would start with simple words that I wanted him to understand: such as his name, which meant to him that he must give me his attention; "charge," to lie down; "chow," for food; "steady," to stand where he was; "go back," to return to our state-room—I say "our," for my dogs always shared my room with me—"fetch," to bring me a glove or a ball, and so on.

I used to do the actual feeding myself,

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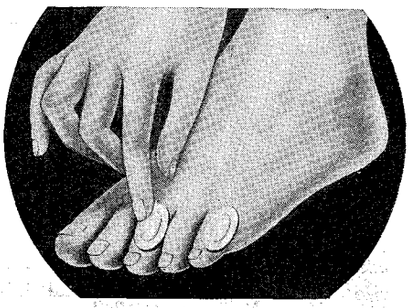

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especially of a puppy, to gain the affection that a dog will invariably show a good master. With a little patience and kindness, you can also reach a dog's heart through his stomach, and at feeding time work in a lot of good instruction.

But to get back to the story of my good dog Don. In the summer of 1899, I took advantage of an opportunity to follow a hobby—love of natural history—by accepting a detail for duty as Executive Officer and Navigator on board the United States Fish Commission Steamer *Albatross*, which was working at that time with a scientific expedition headed by Prof. Alexander Agassiz, the noted naturalist. He had a very different theory from Darwin's regarding the evolutionary formation of the coral atolls of the South Seas.

Copyright. Courtesy of *Field and Stream*

A Pair of Sea-Dogs Talk It Over on Deck

THEY spent some months down there, and then worked north along the south coast of Japan, after visiting many of the islands from Marquesas to Guam, relates the Admiral, continuing:

In Yokohama I had a friend named Laffin, an American who had married a Japanese. Laffin was a ship-chandler. His business naturally brought him into intimate contact with many naval officers, of whom he seemed to be very fond. Laffin was a great sportsman. He was especially fond of bird dogs.

One day while he was showing me through his kennels I saw something that struck my fancy—a young Gordon setter that any experienced dog man would have picked out at a glance as a promising hunting dog. He was about four months old, black and tan, with one peculiar marking, a frosted muzzle.

The day before we were to sail, Laffin came aboard to say good-by to me. He told me that he was going to give me the Gordon puppy I had admired so much. Remembering a conversation I had had a short time before with the captain of the ship, then Commander Moser, regarding an officer's accepting gifts from contractors, I hesitated about taking the pup, altho I had done nothing other than suggest to the paymaster aboard that Laffin was a reliable man.

I decided first to explain the situation to Commander Moser. After I had made my plea, he looked at me, his face expressionless, and said: "Rodman, I've always had implicit faith in your honesty, —but"—there was a twinkle in his eye as he finished—"I wouldn't trust you out of my sight when there is a bird dog involved." As he walked away, he called back to me: "Bring the pup aboard. He might be a valuable addition to the crew."

I went down to the market and bought about three dozen live Japanese quail.

IN those days, he explains, the Japs would catch the birds for the market by using strings covered with a mucilage-like substance and suspended over known feeding grounds of the birds. Reading on:

My shipmates were very much amused when I came aboard leading my pup and carrying a basket of quail. I explained my plans to make a bird dog out of Don by training him to hunt and point quail aboard ship.

Don soon showed that he was a very astute student. Day by day I increased his vocabulary by a word or so. You could read in his big brown eyes, the great kick he got out of understanding a new word.

He was about five months old when I decided that it was time to teach him what I meant by "Birds, Don! Birds!" He almost had a fit that first day when I clipt the wings of one of the quail and released it in our stateroom. Instinctively he started to chase the bird, which was running around the floor seeking cover. But at the command "Steady!" which he understood by this time, he would sit there on his training stool, glancing excitedly at me and the quail.

Next I tried him out by letting him down off the stool after the bird had disappeared behind a sofa pillow in the corner. "Birds!" I urged him on, and then "Steady!" when he had approached within three feet of the pillow. In a few lessons that five-months-old puppy would point one of those quail as if he were an old dog. He would stand there with a front paw tucked under his body, his tail as straight as a ramrod, and his lips and nostrils quivering as he scented the bird.

After using the stateroom as a training ground, I turned to other parts of the ship. At the command "Birds, Don! Birds!" he would break into action like a derby champion and chase from bow to stern looking for quail.

You should have seen him hunt! Sometimes he'd hunt for an hour before he found the bird, and point like a veteran.

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Are Stocks Ripe for Picking?

THE QUESTION IS BEING ASKED AGAIN as the recent stock-market rally awakens new interest in junior securities.

Perhaps the recent upturn in this long-drawn-out bear market is "no more than a rebound from the depth of pessimism." But even so, it shows a wholesome change in the mentality of the investing public, observes *The Wall Street Journal*. There is a feeling in Wall Street, we read in the New York *Times*, that the public's shattered confidence is being restored.

And yet here is Louis Haney, New York University economist, coming right out in his New York *American* column with the flat declaration: "I would buy nothing right here." This observer feels that there has been no fundamental change, and that while "many stocks may be nearer their lowest levels than we realize, a good many prominent issues are almost certainly not at bottom."

It is still a time of watchful waiting, but, says A. T. Miller, in *The Magazine of Wall Street*, "as fear recedes, moderate and gradual recovery in prices of the better class of stocks is the reasonable expectation." Similarly cautious, R. W. Schabacker, financial editor of *Forbes*, considers it quite possible that we shall see a considerably lower level of prices this year. But nevertheless, he thinks it most probable that we are nearing the end of our long declining market and that it is reasonable to expect stabilization and "the beginnings of a long-term and genuine recovery some time within the next twenty months."

While bankers and brokers remain silent or extremely cautious in their comment, it is interesting to read an investment authority's comparison of the present feeling about the stock market with the prevailing sentiment of 1929. Writing in the New York *Evening Post*, Dean Langmuir, vice-president of Distributors Group, wonders if investors are not just as blind to the future now as they were in the summer of 1929. We are told that the investor of 1929 had plenty of warnings of an impending crash. Among the danger flags that were being flown for his guidance were these:

1. Brokerage loans were at new highs and had doubled in less than two years. Stock-market activity had also established new records.
2. Stock prices were registering new highs for all time and were also selling at a ratio of price to earnings higher than any previously reported—in spite of the fact that these ratios applied to the earnings of a year of record prosperity.
3. Yields were so low that stocks could not be purchased for income, but only for further appreciation.
4. Interest rates on call loans had doubled in less than two years and were twice as great as stock yields.
5. Industrial production had been rapidly increasing and stood at a higher figure than any previously experienced.

THESE warnings were ignored, or else investors and speculators assumed that prices would go a little higher and they could make a little more money before the coming of the inevitable crash. We know what happened.

I DON'T SEE ANY "SILVER LINING"!
STOCKS THAT HAVE FALLEN OFF THE BARGAIN COUNTER ONTO THE FLOOR!
BARGAIN GILT EDGE BONDS
HIGH GRADE INVESTMENTS OF ALL KINDS
BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES
FINANCIAL BARGAINS
REAL ESTATE DIRT CHEAP!
STOCK PICK-UP
LOW BUILDING COSTS

It's All Right to Look Up—But!!

—Gale in the Los Angeles "Times."

Now, according to Mr. Langmuir, we have an exact parallel only in reverse—"we have now just as emphatic signals that stock prices are abnormally low and that they will ultimately go higher." And so he sets down, to balance the five danger signals of 1929, five factors which might be signals that the time is about ripe for long-term-investment stock purchases:

1. Brokerage loans are the lowest on record, having declined by 91 per cent. in a little more than two years.
2. Stock prices have declined about 80 per cent. and are at new lows. Stocks are also selling at a reasonable ratio of price times earnings, in spite of the fact that these ratios apply to the low earnings of a year of acute depression.
3. The dividend yield is more than twice as great as in 1929 and fully large enough to justify the purchase of stocks on the basis of income, without considering the possibility of appreciation.
4. Interest on call loans is about a third of the 1929 rate and is only a quarter as much as the dividend yield on stocks.
5. Industrial production has shown a greater falling off than at any previous time in our history and, in fact, the volume of business activity is now little more than half as great as two years ago.

"TO any one who keeps his feet on the ground and who keeps aloof from the pessimism of the mob, the above factors," in Mr. Langmuir's opinion, "indicate that stocks will sell at substantially higher prices than they are at the present time." We are reminded that "it is never possible to determine the peak of a bull market or the bottom of a depression." There are, of course, real and extremely important obstacles to be removed, but, "they are man-made obstacles, and as such subject to correction." It is merely common sense to expect an eventual recovery of business from the present low levels of activity.

When the turn will come or what will "start the ball rolling again" are questions no man can answer. But, continues Mr. Langmuir—

All that the long-term investor need know is that his investment should prove to be substantially profitable within a few years. If he adheres to a long-term-investment policy, he will not lose if prices should go down in the meantime, and he makes a mistake to concern himself too much with intermediate fluctuations.

THE writer concludes with these pertinent observations on stock-market history:

The greatest advances in stock prices do not occur during bull markets.

The greatest rise of which we have any record was not that in 1929 and preceding years, but began in 1903 during an era of depression. From the lows of 1903, stock prices rose 200 per cent. in a period of only about two years.

And the rise which followed in the year or two following the panic of 1907 was also greater than any occurring in a similar length of time in the recent bull market.

The opportunities for appreciation occur, not in times of prosperity, but in times of adversity.

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"Switching" in a Bear Market

GOOD stocks and bonds tumble with the poor ones in a general market collapse such as we have been experiencing for the last couple of years.

Because of this fact, writes George T. Hughes in one of his Consolidated Press dispatches on investments, opportunities are offered to every investor who preserves his sense of values. In other words, this "is a time when profitable exchanges may be arranged involving no fresh capital but giving a better prospect of recovering losses." This holds true as regards both stocks and bonds, says Mr. Hughes—

There are issues in both markets selling at approximately the same price with wide ranges of value. The problem is to sell the one with the least favorable outlook and buy the one which promises to come back quicker and farther.

One does not have to select securities selling in the higher-price brackets for this purpose. Take, for instance, two stocks selling around $10 a share. The chances are all against the values being as nearly equal as the prices are. One of these two stocks is a better purchase at the market than the other is. It follows then that the sale of the one with the less favorable outlook is advisable, providing it is replaced by the other.

WHEN the investor has decided to better his investment position by doing a little switching of this kind, two principles are to be observed, advises Mr. Hughes:

One is that what Wall Street likes to call the "secular trend" governs the fortunes of corporations in good times as well as bad, and the other is that any security which has experienced a violent decline has a chance of recovery in a speculative market regardless of its intrinsic merit.

To a degree one rule offsets the other. The best illustration lies in railway obligations. Considering only the outlook for continued growth, railroad securities are not attractive. Besides the competition from other forms of transportation the railways are handicapped by government regulation. They have to obtain permission from the Interstate Commerce Commission before they can issue any new security, before they can raise or lower rates, and they have only limited control over wages.

There are no such handicaps in the automotive or in the electrical industry. A motor-car manufacturer is entitled, in theory at least, to charge all he thinks the customer will pay, to close down his plant if in his judgment that course will be most profitable, and to pay such wages as he thinks proper. In all of these matters he is governed by competitive conditions alone. Of course there is a limit to the extension of his activities, but just where that point is no one knows.

We do know the limit to further building of railroads. On all of these considerations railroad stocks are not indicated as good substitutes for other holdings.

Nevertheless the second principle negatives this conclusion to the extent that railroad issues have suffered such sweeping declines that recovery of some sort is inevitable, barring receivership. The problem then is to determine how much of the adverse outlook has been discounted.

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Election Years Not So Bad

THERE IS A WIDE-SPREAD belief that Presidential-election years are normally unfavorable to business and the stock market.

This really isn't true, explains Leslie Gould, financial editor of the New York *Journal*, who has been delving into the political and financial history of the last sixty years to reach this optimistic conclusion. During those years there have been fifteen Presidential elections.

And what was the record of business activity in those years which, like this year of 1932, were marked by the election of a Chief Magistrate of the Republic? The answer ought to have at least some slight bearing on the prospects for the coming months.

Here is Mr. Gould's answer:

Six of these election years have been exceedingly prosperous for general business, and five have witnessed the turning-point to business recovery, while only four have been marked by twelve months of subnormal conditions, deepened in November and December.

But of the four subnormal years—1920, 1896, 1884, and 1876—two saw the business tide turn definitely in the early months of the following years, while a third saw the turn come in December of the next year.

After 1896, the turn came in the spring of 1897, while after 1884 recovery set in the following February. The turn came after 1920 in December of 1921.

THE stock market, however, seems more responsive to the elections. As Mr. Gould notes:

In the seven Presidential years of this century, three saw a generally rising level throughout the year—1928, 1908, and 1904. In two other years—1924 and 1900—the market rallied vigorously after election, while only two—1920 and 1912—saw a reaction after the vote was polled.

It might be a good idea to run over the business record for the Presidential years with Mr. Gould:

1928—Boom conditions, with December the most prosperous month.
1924—A slight falling off in the summer with revival after election.
1920—Below normal following the war boom. The low point was reached in December. January was the best month.
1916—War prosperity.
1912—Recovery, with prosperous conditions prevailing after election. Fall months were the most active.
1908—Below normal, following the 1907 crash. November witnessed the turn.
1904—Slightly below normal at the start, with recovery setting in after election. This was the start of the boom that culminated in 1907. November marked the turn.
1900—Generally prosperous, with a slight setback after election. Next year was one of prosperity.
1896—A year of reverses. Turn came in the following spring.
1892—Prosperous.
1888—Slightly below normal in the summer, with good times following the election.
1884—Declining activity, following the five years of prosperity after the slump of the 'seventies. The turning-point came in the following February.
1880—Exceedingly prosperous conditions, with business at peak in December.
1876—Continued decline in activity. The turn came in 1879.
1872—Peak of the after-Civil War boom.

AND here is the stock-market record for the last eight Presidential years:

1928—The stock-market boom started to run away in February, taking a big spurt right after Election Day. Last day of December saw the year's peak prices. Low was made on February 20.
1924—Trading held within a narrow range right up until Election Day, when it spurted. The high point for the year was reached on December 31. May 20 was low point.
1920—Held within a narrow range most of the year, rallying in the fall, only to lose all of its gains in December. January 3 saw year's peak prices, and December 21 the lows.
1916—Prices were lower in the summer, but recovered in the fall, reaching their high for the year on November 21. April 22 was the low.
1912—Setback after Election Day, losing half of the year's gains. High for year reached on September 30. Low point was on February 10.
1908—Recovery from the 1907 crash. High for year reached right after Election Day. Bottom reached on February 13.
1904—Rising prices, with high for year being reached on December 5. Low point was March 12.
1900—A general decline, with the tide turning in September. Year's entire losses recovered in last three months, with high for year being established on December 27.

How the Side-line Saves the Day

SIDE-LINES NOWADAYS MEAN THE difference between dividends and deficits to scores of great business concerns.

So writes J. C. Royle, in one of his syndicated Washington letters on business.

He gives a few instances of the way in which the chemists and engineers and physicists and other research workers attached to large corporations have been keeping the wheels going around in the last few months, adding to employment as well as to profits:

Sales of insecticides, medicines, dyes, and other by-products, including quick freezing of perishable commodities, have added approximately $10,000,000 to the revenues of the Standard Oil Company of California in the last year.

The du Pont de Nemours Company has only recently announced the discovery of a process for making synthetic rubber, and will move it into active commercial production immediately. This product can not fully take the place of natural rubber for all uses, but its value can be estimated when it is realized that it requires seven years and much capital to bring a grove of rubber-trees into production.

The packing industry would be deep "in the red" were it not for its by-products. These include glue, buttons, fertilizer, hides, poultry, dairy products, medicines and chemicals, soaps and washing-powders, glycerin, canned fruits and vegetables, and plant foods. The quick freezing of meat and its marketing in cellophane-wrapt package form has been an exceedingly profitable side-line.

The soap and the paint corporations have ventured under spur of low profits into the realm of food production and distribution. Procter and Gamble is the largest producer of cotton-seed oil, and is now marketing vegetable shortenings, salad oils, cooking oils, and coconut oil, and piled a net of $22,650,818 in the last fiscal year.

Sherwin-Williams, paint manufacturers, also have gone in for insecticides, dyes, acids, chemicals, disinfectants, cleaners, and polishes.

This company declared an extra dividend of 12½ cents a share in July, and sales have been running about $150,000 a month higher than in 1930.

WHAT kept the automobile industry of Germany from total extinction during the past year? This is Mr. Royle's answer to the question:

The fact that the largest firms manufacture, and sell also, almost all the baby-carriages bought in Central Europe.

General Motors is working along similar lines. It is using its machinery and sales equipment for the production and distribution of electric refrigerators, plate-glass, radio receiving sets and parts, airplanes, airplane engines and parts, electric plants for isolated homes and farms, processed motor fuel, and motor-boat and other power-production plants.

The Ford company sells, in addition to motor-cars, coke, gas, plate-glass, and other by-products incident to automobile manufacture.

Finally, we are reminded that "sugar is being used to some extent in the manufacture of textiles, and in production of alcohol from molasses as well as for sweetening; it is being roasted and included in the contents of coffee substitutes, and in feeding animals for market."

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A Hard-Times Boost for the Grain Roads

New occasions teach new duties
Time makes ancient good uncouth—

NO, the Supreme Court has not been bursting into verse, but a recent important decision is based on just the idea exprest in these familiar lines.

Here is the Court unanimously telling the Interstate Commerce Commission that it is unfair to the railroads to make effective in 1931 rates based on 1928 conditions. A record compiled during the halcyon days of 1928 is hardly a basis for 1931 rates, argues Chief Justice Hughes before the Court. If this principle is stuck to in the future, says the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, "it means that rail-rate charges and the investigations leading to them will have to be made promptly, or found inconsistent with the conditions existing when changes are to be made effective."

"It has always been a serious weakness in government regulation of business that there is a lag in time between actual developments and action by administrative bodies." This lag was very much in evidence, continues *The Journal of Commerce*, in the Interstate Commerce Commission's action in the grain-rate case:

The investigation was carried on in 1928, but the new rates were not made effective until late in 1931. By insisting that the railroads should have been heard when they wished to present evidence of changed conditions, the highest court of the land takes a step in the direction of compelling the Commission to take cognizance of prevailing conditions at the time that new rates are scheduled to go into effect. This will discourage the tendency to long delays and procrastination shown in the past.

The Supreme Court decision also constitutes a setback for the principle underlying the Hoch-Smith resolution of Congress, under which the grain-rate proceedings were brought. In the Transportation Act of 1920 Congress sought to promise the railroads a fair return on a fair value of their property without reference to ability of business to bear the resulting general rate burden. The Hoch-Smith resolution of 1926 constituted a departure from this doctrine, however, since it directed the Interstate Commerce Commission to consider the special status of individual industries, and notably of agriculture, in fixing rates. The two theories of rate-making are obviously contradictory in large part.

THE Supreme Court this month unanimously annuls the Commission's order reducing the Western grain rates, and orders that the railroads be granted an injunction against the rate-reduction, and that further proceedings be held in accordance with the decision. *Barron's Weekly* finds the decision of vital importance from two viewpoints:

It is significant of the Court's attitude in regard to rate decisions made on the basis of data collected during years of railroad prosperity. The opinion emphasized that the Commission based its decision on a record closed in 1928. In the second place the reduced rates were estimated to mean an immediate loss in revenues to Western carriers of anywhere from $15,000,000 to $21,500,000 annually. The rates went into effect August 1, last.

In rendering the decision, Chief Justice Hughes criticized the Interstate Commerce Commission for not giving the roads the rehearing of the case which they asked for before the rates went into effect this year. He said in part:

There can be no question as to the change in conditions upon which the new hearing was asked. Of that change we may take judicial notice. It is the outstanding contemporary fact, dominating thought and action throughout the country.

It is plain that a record which was closed in September, 1928—relating to rates on a major description of traffic of the carriers in a vast territory—can not be regarded as representative of these conditions existing in 1931. That record pertains to a different economic era and furnishes no adequate criterion of present requirements.

THIS decision is "strictly logical and fair as far as it goes," but, asks the Washington *News*—

While railroad revenues have been drastically reduced in this depression, have not farmers and shippers suffered as much, if not more? Certainly! Their ability to pay has been reduced in the same, if not greater, ratio as the railroads' ability to collect.

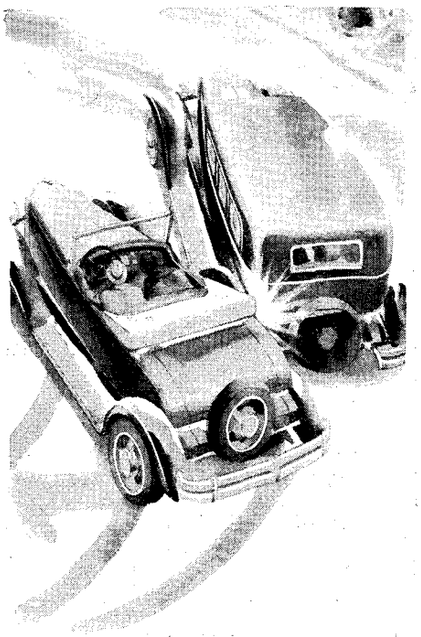
And in the region actually affected by the decision the same point is made by a number of newspapers. The Kansas City *Star* feels that "the Interstate Commerce Commission, in refusing a rehearing, doubtless took into consideration the fact that economic changes have been general, and that they have affected the farmers even more seriously than the railroads." The Court's order inflicts a hardship on the wheat farmers of the West, declares the Ogden *Standard-Examiner*, which continues:

The Supreme Court in entering into this field of economics has made the entire rate structure one of greater uncertainty than ever before.

It can be shown the wheat farmers are more in need of aid than the railroads, even tho the railroads are distrest. The Supreme Court should have recognized that fact in making its decision. The economic forces at play equalized themselves and, therefore, the reduction should have been allowed to stand.

Posilutely, Amos.—A little while ago we printed some lines showing the queer words one comes across while "fossicking round in the dictionary." Apropos, a lady in Florida sends us the following brief exercise in unusual English. Some of our readers may enjoy translating it into the vernacular:

"He absterged his glasses with an insouciant air amid the apopemptics of his fellows, and was enough of a sciolist, now that he was manumitted, to enjoy it as he would the sapidity of a ripe peach."—*Boston Transcript.*



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THE SPICE OF LIFE

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Ever Try Glue?—What the world needs most is a paper-napkin not afflicted with wanderlust.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

Graded and Standardized.—"Those girls are alike. They must be twins."

"No relation. They patronize the same beauty parlor."—*Lustige Blaetter.*

Ruling Passion.—"The old post-mistress is getting terribly absent-minded. This morning the inspector caught her trying to steam open a post-card."—*Dublin Opinion.*

Speak Up, Minnie.—TEACHER—"Johnny, use the word 'miniature' in a sentence.

JOHNNY—"Is Minnie a chewer of gum?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Primrose Path.—VISITOR—"Where does this lane lead to?"

NATIVE—"Well, it's led half of the young folks around these parts into trouble."—*Annapolis Log.*

Passports N. G.—"Modern science cost me a year of my life."

"A badly managed operation?"

"No, my finger-prints were responsible."—*Die Muskete (Vienna).*

Boxing All Over the Compass.—It seems that North, South, East, and West have as hard a time agreeing when they get around a bridge-table as they do when they gather under the capitol dome.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Post-Graduate Course.—WIFE (Recently married)—"Have you really engaged a cook, darling? I didn't think we could afford to keep one."

HUSBAND—"Well, we can't afford to keep one long, so you had better learn all you can whilst you have the chance."—*Passing Show.*

Says Mother Gasoline Goose.—

Little Jack Horner
Went round a corner
At 70 per in his car.
In Evergreen
He next is seen—
Above him Gates Ajar.

—*Florida Times-Union.*

Doping Out the Slogan.—The teacher had been reading the story of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" to her class of small boys. When she reached the end she closed the book and proceeded to question them regarding the story.

"Now, can any one tell me," she said, "what Ali Baba said when he wanted to open the entrance to the cave?"

One child, an ardent film fan, promptly replied:

"Open, sez me!"—*Wall Street Journal.*

On His Sneeze.—ST. PETER—"How did you get up here?"

LATEST ARRIVAL—"Flu."—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

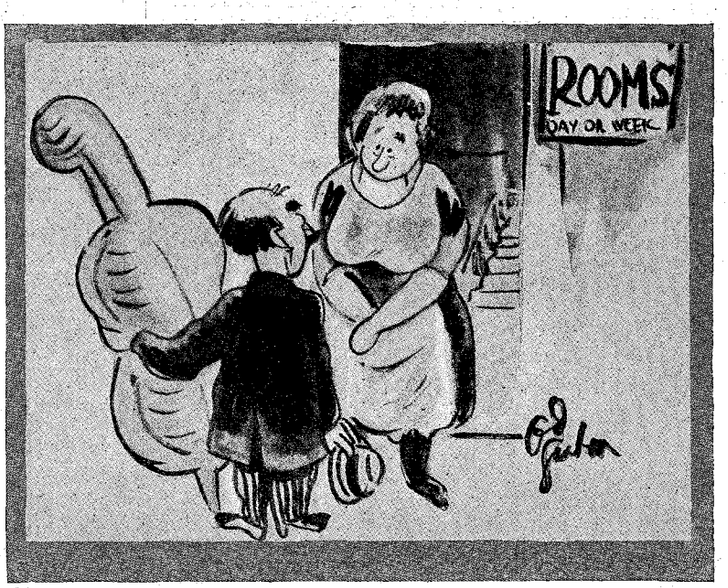
Got It Down Pat.—FIRST COP—"What makes you think it's a speak-easy, Mike?"

SECOND COP (with his ear to the key hole)—"Because I can hear a lot of loud talkin'."—*Boston Transcript.*

High License.—

He shot them and he bombed them,
And he slew them with an ax,
But 'twas O. K., in Chicago,
He had paid his income tax.

—*Buffalo Evening News.*



Near-Sighted Landlady: "Are you two married?"
—"Judge."

Jazzing Up the Scriptures.—Dr. Moffatt, in his new version of the Bible, refers to David's city as "David's Burg." We ought to be thankful that he didn't call it "Lil Old Jerusalem."—*Punch.*

No Foolin'.—A freshman at Indiana University, taking out a permit to use his car while in residence, found himself confronted by the following question:

"Purpose for which car is to be used?" In the blank he wrote:

"To ride in."—*Indianapolis News.*

There's a Difference.—TEACHER—"How many bones have you in your body."

WILLIE—"Nine hundred."

TEACHER—"That's a good many more than I have."

WILLIE—"Yeah, but I had sardines for lunch."—*Traction Shop and Roadway.*

How It Sounded.—A business man who had an important telephone call to put through finally interrupted a feminine conversation which seemed liable to continue indefinitely.

"Say," snapt one of the women indignantly, "what line do you think you're on, anyway?"

"Well," replied the business man. "I've come to the conclusion that I must be on the clothesline."—*Atlanta Journal.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Evidently Out of Tune.—
One Wounded, Several Saved
When Reputed Rum Boat Sings
—*Rocky Mount (N. C.) paper.*

Whoopee!—Cheers resounded as the school teacher stept from the plane and a score of banquets were cast in her patch as she entered a waiting car.—*Miami Herald.*

Like a Flea Circus.—Aida Marroquin, hailed as the prettiest girl student in Guatemala City, caused many a male heart to jump aboard the liner Santa Cecelia.—*Des Moines Register.*

'Tis Better So.—
VICE LEADER
NOT TO MAKE
SOLON RACE
—*Beaumont (Tex.) paper.*

Underground Worker.—
Uncover Skeleton of
Indian Digging for
New Flag Pole
—*Geneva (N. Y.)*
Daily Times.

Watch the Greenery.—Before a simply decorated altar lighted with tall cathedral candles Rev. Randolph Ray, D.D., officiated at the wedding service with its impressive exchange of cows.—*Youngstown Vindicator.*

Take the Armchair, Ma'am.—
Large Federal Nurse to
Be Located in Minnesota
—*Grand Forks (N. D.) Herald.*

Conservative Estimate.—Washington.—Mrs. Mary La Follette Sucher, daughter of the late Senator Robert M. La Follette Sr., gave birth to a $6 pound baby girl.—*Superior (Wis.) Telegram.*

Anyhow, Bake 'Em.—Then add one pound of candied pineapple. Bake in pans that have cans and one pound of Brazil nuts in shells. Bake in pants that have been lined with brown paper and buttered.—*El Paso Herald-Post.*

Call the Roll.—
Where are the Dead?
At the Christian Church
Sunday morning, 10:45 o'clock.
Sermon by the pastor.
—*Morehead (Ky.) Church Bulletin, as reported by a Spice of Life fan.*

Friends of the Dentist.—
CALL WIESER'S
for
HOME MADE
FRUIT CAKE
Solid Mahogany
—*Fredericksburg Free Lance-Star.*

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